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No. 36035

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1955.

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**COMMENT OF
THE DAY**

Name Cleared

THERE is cause for satisfaction that the good name of Hongkong has been cleared in the matter of locally-manufactured felt hats, a large proportion of which the British Felt Hats Manufacturers Federation convinced itself were of Japanese origin and were being re-exported under the guise of Hongkong products.

Hongkong knew all along that investigation would prove the unjustification of the allegations levelled against one of our up-and-coming industries. But we still have reason to resent one disclosure made by Mr. McNulty to the China Mail London correspondent. It is that the British Federation was given false information about the numbers and productive capacity of the colony's hat factories, and that on this misinformation the British manufacturers based their accusations of malpractice.

WE are confident that the Federation acted in good faith when it lodged its protest with the Board of Trade, and that it was not, as it is now being made to appear, a suspiciously mislaid and making such categorical declarations as it being impossible for the Hongkong hat industry to manufacture as many hats as the export figures indicated.

Having said that, we are also entitled to express indignation that untrue reports about our industries can reach such important bodies as the British Felt Hat Manufacturers Federation and be accepted on their face value. It is this which breeds unnecessary suspicion and recrimination. The British manufacturers are probably entitled to feel aggrieved about Hongkong's growing competition in the colonial markets, but not to allow that resentment to be based on false allegations.

The hope is that not only the Felt Hats Federation, but all other British industrial interests who feel Hongkong competitors are operating under false colours, will send their representatives here to discover the true facts for themselves, for it would seem they are not prepared to accept as valid the statistics and other vital information which emanates officially from Hongkong.

FORMOSA: SECURITY COUNCIL MEETING MONDAY

Britain States Her Position

London, Jan. 28. The Daily Express political correspondent, Derek Marks writes: Britain has told America she will not go to war against Red China to defend Quemoy, Matsu or any other islands close to the Chinese mainland still held by Chiang Kai-shek's forces.

Britain has also made it clear her obligation to defend Formosa is no more than that of any other United Nations member. This also applies to the neighbouring Pescadores.

And it means there is no automatic commitment at this stage. Britain would only join a full-scale United Nations move.

This "declaration of intent" became clearer today as British and Empire diplomats began intense efforts to relieve tension between the United States and Red China.

The situation has become increasingly grave since the Red Chinese stepped up attacks on the islands off the mainland.

The big fear is a clash may occur between the islands near the mainland and American units evacuating Nationalists.

A Foreign Office spokesman tonight gave this formal definition of Britain's policy: "Our objective is a simple one—without allocating blame to either side for the past or prejudging their legal claims for the future, to put an end to the fighting as soon as possible."

—London Express Service

RUSSIANS TO RELEASE POWS

Hof, Bavaria, Jan. 28. Former German Field Marshal Ferdinand Schöner, who returned to West Germany today after being freed by the Soviet Union, said he had been authorised to announce that all German prisoners-of-war would soon be released by Russia.

Schöner said he had been authorised to make the announcement by Colonel V. Kusnerov, head of the Prisoners-of-War Department in the Soviet Union.—France-Press

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:

P. 5: Joanna's Box and the 24 Reluctant Bishops; Michael Gannon tells one of the world's strangest tales; Gilca.

P. 6: Jean Foucher Creteau continues his underwater adventures. This week he takes you among the pearl divers and bar-raudias.

P. 7: Secrets of International Crime: more stories from the files of Interpol, by A. J. Foreman.

P. 8: Are there no gentlemen any more? Robert Gifford interviews four famous hostesses for their answer; Jane Russell attends the world's first under water film premiere; The strange case of Krishna Menon; Douglas Clark discusses the man who may become India's next Foreign Minister; William Hickey.

P. 13: Sefton Delmer goes to Spain and reports on what happens when bull-dozers meet manana; Arthur Horner and Lady Dooker become dinner guests of David Lewis, who tells you what happens and the conversation trend.

Jimmy Swaine To Get New Eye Test

Jimmy Swaine—the 19-year-old lad who hitch-hiked all the way to England hoping to join the Royal Navy there, only to be turned down because of slight colour-blindness—may have his eyesight rectified by the Hongkong Naval Authorities when he lands here.

Swaine after being passed as medically fit in Hongkong when he was tested for the RNRV decided that he wanted to join the Royal Navy. He worked his way to England where he was rejected, and is now returning to the Colony in the hope of becoming a policeman.

The Naval Medical Authorities, however, are interested in the conflicting medical opinions in Hongkong and Liverpool, and they believe that the change of climate might be the reason for this difference.

Swaine was tested here nine months before his arrival in England, and it is thought that this long period may be another reason for his change of sight.

Mrs Bessie Braddock, Labour MP for Liverpool took up Swaine's case in the House of Commons earlier this month when a Government Minister promised to make a full enquiry into the two medical examinations.

Invitation To Communist China

NATIONALISTS WILL OPPOSE MOVE

New York, Jan. 28.

Eleven nations represented on the United Nations Security Council will meet here on Monday in a bid to end the fighting in the Far East, it was announced today.

Britain earlier today asked Russia to support efforts for a ceasefire and to urge Communist China to accept an invitation to the Council's talks, while restraining from any action "which might lead to general hostilities."

Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand, this month's President of the Security Council, called the meeting of the Security Council on behalf of his country. United Nations procedure made it necessary for him to address the letter asking for a meeting to himself.

The Security Council, which has the primary responsibility for maintaining world peace, consists of Britain, the United States, Russia, France, and Nationalist China as permanent members, and New Zealand, Belgium, Brazil, Turkey, Iran and Peru as non-permanent members. The Council is considered certain to ask Communist China to join the talks to end the critical Formosa situation.

Britain and the United States support the invitation, which will be proposed by New Zealand.

Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's permanent delegate, said in a statement that his government warmly welcomed New Zealand's initiative and would support it in the hope that peace would come to the area.

"The hostilities which have been taking place in the area of the main islands off the coast of the mainland, have created a potentially dangerous situation," he said. Britain's approach to Russia was made in Moscow by Sir William Hayer, the British Ambassador, who called on Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister.

DIRECT APPROACH

He told him that Britain today made a direct approach to the Chinese Communist Government in Peking, but hoped the Soviet Government "will feel able to urge restraint on the Chinese and above all the importance of avoiding any incident which might lead to general hostilities."

The Ambassador, quoted by a British Embassy spokesman,

also asked Russia to co-operate in ceasefire talks in the Security Council and to urge the Chinese Government "very strongly" to accept any invitation.

Mr Molotov's reply was that the Soviet Government was ready to support any move to reduce international tension.

But both the Ambassador and Sir Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, had omitted to mention "the real reasons for the tension in the Far East," he said.

One of these reasons was the growing interference of the United States in Chinese internal affairs. It would help to ease tension "if the United States stopped their aggressive activities in the Formosa region," Mr Molotov said.

The radio added: "Mr Molotov drew the attention of the British envoy to the fact that if Britain had not supported the United States in their aggressive activities in this region, the United States would not have decided to engage in these activities." —Reuter.

TO VOTE AGAINST

New York, Jan. 28. A spokesman for the Chinese Nationalist delegation, said today they would oppose in the Security Council both an invitation to Peking and a ceasefire. But he would not say whether Dr T. T. Tsiang, the Nationalist delegate, would prepare to use the veto.

The spokesman said "a ceasefire would mean we virtually give up our people on the mainland." —Reuter.

SECURITY COUNCIL

The Seine In Flood



Eisenhower Resolution Keenly Criticised

Washington, Jan. 28.

Senator Herbert Lehman (Democrat, New York) opening today's Senate debate on a resolution authorising Presidential action on Formosa, backed an amendment confining the President's authority to protection of Formosa and the Pescadores alone.

He told the Senate there was no justification for United States defence of Nationalist-held islands close to the mainland shore such as Quemoy and Matsu, which he said, was clearly implied in the resolution before the session.

Senator Lehman said the Government's interpretation of President Eisenhower's Formosa message to Congress—that "it would not enlarge America's defensive obligations beyond Formosa and the Pescadores—did not conform with interpretations current in the United States."

It might be the purpose of the resolution to keep the Communists guessing. But he did not see how Congress could be asked to join in such a tactic "at the expense of keeping the American people and our allies abroad

guessing as to our purpose—whether for peace or for war."

Decision to defend Quemoy and Matsu and, in pursuit of that, to bomb the mainland of China, would mean retaliation and all-out war, with Communist China, he said.

"If this should be the consequence," he said, "I fear that this war would be fought without substantial help from our friends and allies in the free world."

Senator Lehman also gave notice that he would oppose any use of United States air and naval forces to assist General Chiang Kai-shek in deploying his forces in the Formosa Straits.

The Senator objected to what he called the "blank cheque" authority for the President under the resolution.

Criticising the Eisenhower Administration's "persistent demands for haste," he said he wanted to hear from official sources some explanation of the "extraordinary contradictions" between what was contained in the resolution, what was being apparently told to allies abroad about its meaning, and what was being told to journalists in the United States.—Reuter.

SUNSHINE FOLLOWS FLOODS

Paris, Jan. 28.

The City of Paris, wracked with crippling floods less than a week ago, today bathed in brilliant sunshine and broke an 80-year-old record with a mid-winter temperature of 58 degrees Fahrenheit.

Weather experts in the City of Light looked up at the blue sky, sniffed at the unfamiliar soft wind and announced that there was "nothing exceptional" about it at all, since on January 1, 1888, Paris hit a record 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Seine, which went on a rampage recently, was dropping rapidly toward its normal height and Parisians were pumping the last remnants of water out of their cellars.

But the weatherman warned those who doffed their coats to stroll along the quays and boulevards today to keep them at hand. Prediction for the next few days: "More humid, with some rainfall."—France-Press.

Picture above shows how seriously the Seine flooded.—Photo by France-Press.

Fishing Holiday For Dulles

Washington, Jan. 28.

Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, leaves Washington tomorrow for a week's fishing holiday in the Bahamas, the State Department announced today.—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

AMENDMENT DEFEATED

Washington, Jan. 28. President Eisenhower's Formosa battle plan passed its first Senate test tonight when an amendment to exclude Nationalist-held off-shore islands from the US defence area was decisively defeated.

The roll call vote was 83 to 3.—United Press.

SANTAL SOAP

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World



A recent New York picture of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.—Reuterphoto.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE WINDSORS

The Servants Still Say 'Your Royal Highness'

New York.

Almost 36 years ago a golden-haired young man received a riotous welcome on his arrival in New York as the world's most popular prince on his first visit to the United States.

Today the Duke of Windsor walks in the same city streets in a different role.



As New York knew him

It is threaded with grey. Otherwise he looks much the same as

that youthful Prince of Wales, whose shy grin, democratic ways and high spirits made him a public favourite.

Today people rarely turn to stare as he walks past.

The Duchess of Windsor frequently goes shopping, but on her most recent shopping trip there have been some surprising items. One day recently she walked into the houseware section of a large Manhattan department store. She was looking for an ironing board to take back to France.

Rented To Visitors

The most romantic couple of the century live now like private citizens. They arrived in New York last month and moved back to the 28th floor suite in the Waldorf Towers which they occupy each year when they return.

Their personal paintings were hung on the wall, and a few pieces of their own furniture were placed among the hotel furnishings. In between their annual visits the suite is rented to visitors, often including such royal tenants as the King and Queen of Greece.

The former king, and the American-born woman for whom he gave up his throne 18 years ago, regarded this trip to the United States as a holiday. The Duchess, an American, has many friends in New York and likes to come back each year to see them.

Prefer Small Parties

Their arrival is marked by a flurry of parties. But while admittedly they are social assets to any hostesses, the Duke and the Duchess are far from "party-setters" in Manhattan's winter social season. They prefer small parties with people they know. Certain royal courtiers are carefully observed, however, even by hostesses giving small parties. They tell the Duchess ahead of time who will be among the guests and what is planned for the evening.

In the case of a reigning monarch the guest list would have to be submitted for official approval.

Other guests at the parties know they are to arrive on time, so the Duke and Duchess will be the last to arrive. Feminine guests rarely curtsy to the Duke, although they often address her as "Your Royal Highness," a custom which the servants employed by the Windsors also observe.

A Converted Mill

Their new home outside Paris, in a converted mill, is their favourite hobby now. "The first home the Duke and I have owned since we were married," the Duchess wrote in a recent magazine article about rebuilding and decorating the country residence. They also lease house in Paris.

"The Duke is a wonderful gardener—he really works at it," the Duchess has been telling friends proudly since she returned to New York.

She still maintains the chic appearance the youthful vitality and the animation which first attracted the Prince. Her clothes, most of them bought in France, are simple. She says she always prefers understatement.

Later this month they leave for Florida where the Duke will shoot ducks and resume his favourite sport—golf. He is an excellent golfer, though he admits that the spacious gardens of their new French country home are taking time away from his golf game.

In that home, at last, he has gathered his souvenirs from his former life as heir to the British throne. There are shelves filled with addresses of welcome given to him as Prince of Wales, turnings from Fort Belvedere, his home in England, and a coffee table made from a drum of the Welsh Guards.

"We are both terrific collectors by nature," the Duchess wrote recently.—United Press.

Dust Disaster Threatens U.S. Wheatlands

Washington.

The disastrous dust storms that decimated America's wheat plains 20 years ago may strike again this winter and next spring, says a warning issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Soil Conservation Service says that conditions are even worse in some sections than they were in the parched 1930's—when swirling topsoil in the form of vast clouds of billowing dust covered whole communities and forced thousands of families to migrate to other parts of America.

The Service believes that more soil is in "condition to blow" than in any year's end on record. Conditions are "half again" as serious as they were 20 years ago, when Oldham and Kansas were serious sufferers from choking dust storms.

Drought is becoming a serious menace in certain sections of the country where there have been no satisfactory rains for almost two years.

Nine hundred and forty-four counties in 18 states have been declared drought disaster areas where farmers are eligible for federal aid.

—(London Express Service.)

A Budgerigar With Some Tales To Tell

Durban.

If Tiji, a little yellow budgerigar from a pet-shop in Durban, is now living in the boudoir of some Buenos Aires senorita, he has a story to remember of a kind Dutch captain, his near-death in the fierce Atlantic and a bewildered swoop over a strange South American town.

This is Tiji's story. A few weeks ago, Captain E. M. Drukker, master of the Dutch ship, Tilpanas, saw Tiji in a Durban pet-shop and decided to buy him.

Fearing that Tiji might entertain ideas of escape into the wide, unfriendly world, he had his wings partly clipped.

Midway between Cape Town and Buenos Aires, Tiji, enjoying a spell out of his cage, was caught by the breeze and swept away from the ship.

He vanished vainly to catch up but vanished from sight.

Sadly Captain Drukker gave him up as lost.

Shortly afterwards, the ship's engines broke down and the Tilpanas drifted

slowly on the sea while engineers repaired the fault.

At 10 a.m. and a half later, when the ship was still drifting without power, a yellow speck appeared astern, and after a few minutes a wind-blown and bedraggled Tiji settled on the ship's railing.

When the engines had been repaired, the ship got under way again.

However, Captain Drukker was not destined to keep his pet.

When the ship reached Buenos Aires, Tiji escaped and was not seen again.—United Press.

THE VALUABLES GO DOWN INTO . . .

America's New Underground A-Bomb-proof Warehouse

New York.

The trial use of an Atom bomb-proof warehouse deep in an old iron mine has proved so successful that the vault door will be thrown open in a few days to anyone in the nation who wants to preserve his belongings for posterity.

The Railway Express Agency, acting as shipper for Iron Mountain Storage Corporation, said it would begin delivering valuables to the cement-enclosed mine entrance as soon as rates and rental fees were revised. Up to now, the service has been available only to a few communities.

The bomb-proof, weather-proof warehouse, described as the "safest place in the world," is in an 800-foot deep mine in the Berkshire Mountains near Hudson, New York, 120 miles north of New York City.

The mine's network of tunnels is shielded by a 100-foot thick blanket of radiation-repelling magnetic iron ore, a 28-ton vault door bigger than the one protecting the nation's gold hoard at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and a round-the-clock staff of armed guards.

Duplicate Offices

Anything that will fit through the door can be stored in the warehouse. The door is eight feet in diameter.

The tunnels have been filled with concrete-lined, air-conditioned rooms. In them, among other things, are a duplicate headquarters for a large New York advertising agency and an entire wardrobe of a Washington,

D. C. woman who fears she might lose every stitch in an air raid. She visits her A-Bomb-proof boudoir periodically to replenish the moth ball supply. Also stored in the cavern is a complete art gallery owned by a famous collector and copies of all the formulae and patents of a large drug concern.

Cost: \$1 Million

Small containers, the size of bank safety deposit boxes, have been rented for storage of records of family tree, great grandfather's civil war record, jewelry, and family heirlooms.

The vaults were constructed at a cost of about \$1,000,000 by Herman Knust, who made a fortune by growing mushrooms. He bought the mine, for a vast underground mushroom bed. But in 1951, he changed his mind and decided to turn the cavern into a permanent vault to protect important records against the atomic radiation in the event of an attack on New York.

So far, most of the customers have been East coast business, banks and industries, which have stored microfilms of their vital records and many of their original documents.

Mr. Ernest Inwood, Director of business planning for Railway Express, said a number of Europeans who lost everything in World War II, have put documents in storage in the mountain.

"The Government has several vaults marked U.S. Restricted," Mr. Inwood said. "We haven't the slightest idea what's in them."—United Press.

A NEW WAY TO TRAP POISONERS

Harwell.

Chemists at Harwell, Britain's atom research station, have perfected a technique to trap the most elusive of all murderers—the poisoner. They can trace minute particles of poison in a human body by a system known as "activation analysis."

One chemist, Mr. E. N. Jenkins, said that it was now possible to detect a 10-millionth part of a gramme of arsenic in the human body.

"We could trace the presence of arsenic in an inch-long human hair—and our findings would be absolutely accurate and reliable."

Mr. Jenkins said he was certain that the Harwell findings would be acceptable as evidence in a court of law, and added: "We shall be happy to co-operate with the police whenever they need us."

—(London Express Service.)

OUR Handwriting Has Never Been WORSE!

Newport, Rhode Island.

Are the services of an Egyptologist needed to read your letter?

If so, you're not alone. Calligrapher John Howard Benson, leader of a handwriting reform movement, said handwriting has dropped to its lowest ebb in history.

"Our handwriting has been degenerating for hundreds of years," the bearded expert said. "We are victims of a complication of different theories."

"Bluntly, our handwriting is awful."

But Mr. Benson said it isn't too late to reform. He is a strong advocate of the renaissance Chancery Cursive style of writing—a handsome Italian style currently sweeping English schools.

Secret In The Pen

And he has translated a 16th century Italian primer, the "Opera" by Ludovico Degli Arrighi, exemplifying the Chancery Cursive.

The book was published in a limited edition last year. Now it is being published as a text book.

"It was the first handwriting primer and it is still the best," Mr. Benson said.

The secret of this fine Italian hand is in the pen. You must use an edged pen that will write thick and thin lines without having to change pressure on it. "Pens in common use today have either a stub or sharp point," Mr. Benson said. "They have destroyed the art of handwriting."

A Few Hours

He said a person who wanted to learn Chancery Cursive could become a legible writer in six hours, and a reformed writer in a few months.

However, he holds out little hope for the majority of scriblers.

"The typewriter, the television, general illiteracy are obliterating handwriting," he said.

He added, waving an edged pen, "and now the ball point pen. It is hopeless for good writing."—United Press.

Out Of The Window

Chicago.

A hangover gave Woodrow Bazzell, 30, a broken ankle.

Bazzell appeared in court on a charge of being drunk and suddenly fell ill.

He rushed to the window, but leaped too far out and fell two stories.—United Press.

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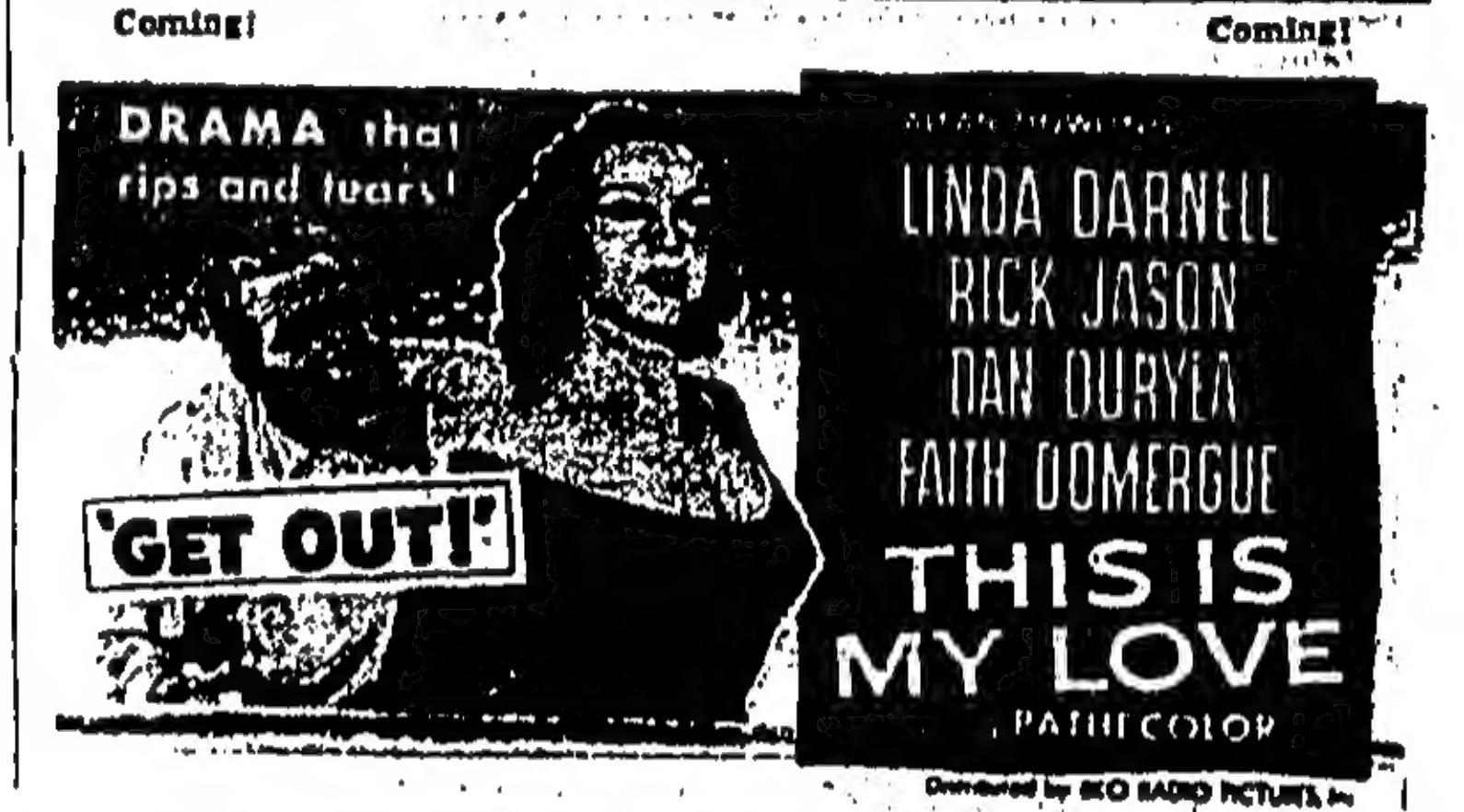
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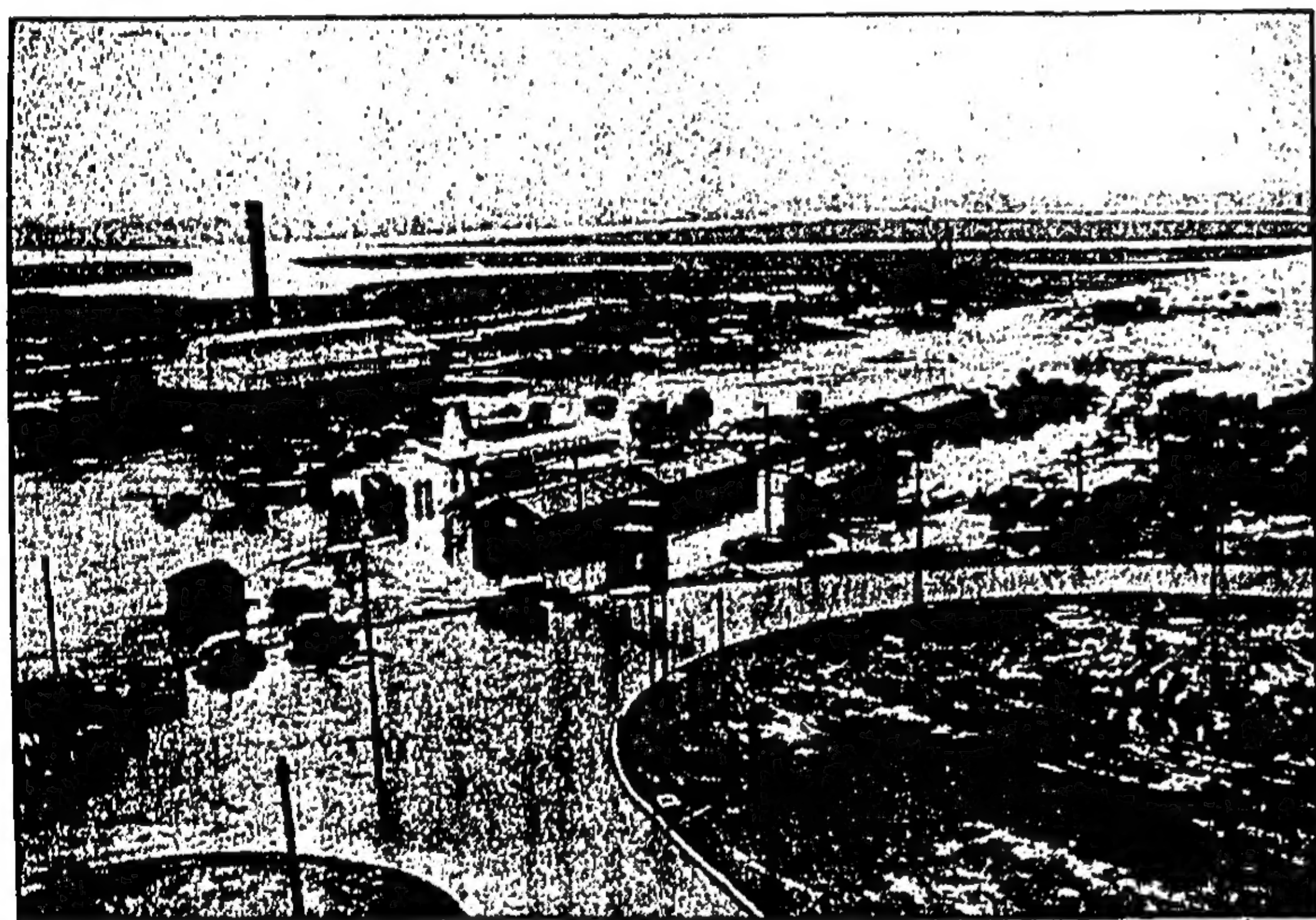
• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



TEEN - AGED British film actress Janette Scott is one of five stars who are going to Uruguay on an all-expenses-paid holiday of 15 days and to attend a film festival there. Picture shows her with Dr. Jose Antonio Quadros, Uruguayan Ambassador in London, and Senora Quadros, at a send-off party at the Uruguayan Embassy. (Express)



LEFT: Lizzie, six-year-old llama at Tom Arnold's Circus, now at Harringay, London, sprang a surprise on her owners the other day by becoming a mother. Here is the baby llama, which will be called Stormy Weather. (Express)



IN rain and thick fog at London Airport, an Istanbul-bound Viscount airliner of British European Airways mistook a turning and went tearing down the wrong runway to take off. It came to a stop after tearing steel barriers and demolishing a hut, and after losing two engines and having fuel tanks ripped open. This was the scene after the wild ride. Only two persons aboard were injured. (Express)



LONDON police stopping a torchlight procession of 400 Cypriots in Whitehall. The procession moved on under escort, singing "Enosis" (Greek for union, meaning union with Greece). A delegation left a note at the Foreign Office protesting at the action of British troops who fired on rioters in Cyprus recently. (Express)



A clock repairer had to be called when a heavy blizzard stopped Big Ben on the night of January 14. Snow driven against the east face, which overlooks the Thames, had jammed the 2 cwt hands. The last time snow stopped Big Ben was on Boxing Day, 1928. (Express)



DURING her recent stay in Tonga, 27-year-old Noelle Sandwith requested permission to paint Queen Salote. The Queen agreed. Here is Miss Sandwith back at her home in London with a sketch of the Queen and a photograph to help her with the painting. (Express)



LEFT: Brigadier H. C. W. Eking, Commandant of the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, inspecting the Royal West Kents at Maldstone Barracks when he was the inspecting officer at their passing-out parade.

THE India League in London gave a large reception in honour of the new High Commissioner, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, at Caxton Hall. Mrs. B. Mansell, a barrister, is received by Mrs. Pandit (left) with the traditional Indian greeting. (Express)



A helicopter lands by a cross marked in a snow-covered field to take a mother-to-be to hospital 25 miles away. This was one of a series of mercy missions carried out in Scotland's two northernmost counties, which were cut off by blizzards, by Royal Navy hoverplanes. (Express)



AMERICAN actress Joan Shawlee, in England to make television films, had this to say: "All the Englishmen I met needed haircuts. It looks like they're trying for parts in an Alec Guinness movie." Here she is challenging the London cold. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**DAIRY
BOX**
MILK
CHOCOLATE



My whole-hearted sympathy to the Master of Foxhounds who complained of a "Pirate" pack poaching on his hunting grounds. If you let one "Pirate" pack get away with it you'll get another, and another.

London Express Service

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

JOANNA'S BOX

...and the 24 reluctant bishops

By Michael Gannon

A SIGNIFICANT change has come about in the tactics of the Panacea Society of Bedford. Ten years or so ago its advertisements in the morning papers were calculated to take the taste out of the episcopal breakfast martini and the layman's tea.

"England's Troubles and Perplexities will increase until the Bishops open Joanna Southcott's Box of Sealed Writings," "London is Doomed unless the Bishops open Joanna Southcott's Box," they proclaimed in type too large to be ignored.

Such announcements in the Press usually forebode trouble and perplexity in diocesan offices. What to do with the latest communication from Bedford for the society insisted in lengthy and dramatic correspondence with individual bishops, demanding that 24 of them should get together and lift the lid.

TART REPLIES

Most of the bishops eventually solved the problem by ignoring it, or sending tart replies. The result has been that the society has abandoned the direct approach. Its advertising, less expansive and frequent, now centres chiefly on magazines, now invites attention to "The Call for Deliverance from Satanic Evil and Angelic Error." No mention of The Box. But the box is still firmly in mind; it crops up in the literature that goes out to those curious enough to write for it and the society is convinced that by this means public opinion will, sooner or later, become conditioned to demand action from the recalcitrant episcopate.

It is difficult to treat Southcottism objectively. For my part, I am astonished that its followers, who seem to be good and gentle people, can accept its ugly perversion of Christian teaching; its predestined division of mankind between immortals and damned. The history of the movement is perhaps, one of the strangest stories of social behaviour.

Joanna Southcott's picture, in the National Portrait Gallery, shows her to have been a pleasant-faced, buxom countrywoman. It does not suggest the fanatical religious reformer.

She was a farmer's daughter, born at Giffordham, Devon, in 1749, who became a domestic servant to a family in Exeter. From being a simple and cheerful person she turned, in middle age, to melancholy, and believing herself divinely inspired began the first scribbling of her rambling, allegorical and to many incomprehensible prophecies.

As a main theme she foretold the second coming of the Lord and warned all to prepare for it. On the side, she forecast (reasonably safely) flooding and other minor calamities. Even her sister thought her rather mad.

Joanna bombarded the bishops and clergy with her written prophecies and commanded them to pronounce on the authenticity of her mission. They remained unresponsive and so her close adherents arranged "trials" of her writings.

The first of these, at Exeter in 1801, was followed by a second at Neekinger House, Bermondsey, in 1804. Two years after Joanna arrived to reside in Paddington.

At Bermondsey, 40 persons (none, it seemed, that mattered) examined the life, character and writings of Joanna and solemnly pronounced that she was inspired. Bermondsey was the centre of Southcottian activity in London. A chapel was built near Neekinger House and Joanna lived for a while at the corner of Janalea Road and Abbey Street.

PATHETIC

At this time she was busy "sealing the faithful." Those who were to be saved at the millennium were provided, for a varying fee, with a certificate signed and sealed by Joanna. This business proceeded prosperously until it was discovered that Mary Bateman, who was hanged for murder at York in 1809, was among those certified.

Nevertheless, Joanna continued to attract followers, and bishops complained that their sheep were being led astray. It is reckoned that she had about 14,000 adherents. The fat Prince Regent, who was game for anything, visited Joanna, and, it is said, afterwards contributed to her cause.

As early as 1802 Joanna had designated herself "the Bride of the Lamb." Eleven years later, when she was 64, she announced that she was about to give birth to Shiloh, the new Messiah. Clearly she was identifying herself with the Woman Clothed with the Sun of the Book of Revelation.

This proclamation of the Immaculate Conception of a second immaculate conception diverted London in the year before Waterloo. Joanna's followers moved her for the lying-in to a house in Manchester Street, Marylebone. To satisfy the incredulous public they sought medical proof that she was indeed with child, and to Dr Richard Reece, a distinguished medical man of the time, Joanna put the blunt question, "Would you suppose I was in the family way?"

£200 CRADLE

Reece—to his eventual regret—and five other doctors supposed that she was. Three others declared her alleged pregnancy to be so much tommyrot. But the press silenced the contrary by confidently announcing the date of the birth—October 19, 1814, and ordering a cradle for the Prince of Peace, at a cost of £200, from Seddons of Aldersgate.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was summoned through the now familiar technique of newspaper advertisements, to provide a suite at Lambeth Palace for the accommodation. When his Grace declined the faithful demanded that Joanna should be taken under the protection of

the Lord Chancellor "in view of the scientific interest in the case." Poor Doctor Reece was imprudent enough to support this move, which came to nothing in a letter to The Times.

Joanna remained at Manchester Street. She had taken to her bed in March, with symptoms unconnected with childbearing. On October 19, crowds gathered outside the house and dispersed rowdily when no announcement of the birth was forthcoming.

A month later Joanna told Reece that she was dying. She "was utterly dejected and expressed doubts whether her mission had not been a delusion." She died of "brain fever" on December 27 and as the London Press produced special editions the crowds about house yelled their mockery.

The Southcottians were dismayed, but only momentarily. With magnificent aplomb they pointed out that the child of the Woman of the Book of Revelation had been snatched up to heaven at the moment of its birth to escape Satan's clutches. They declared that Joanna "to all appearances had died," but that they expected the return of her soul to the body and to this her soul endeavoured to maintain its warmth with hot-water bottles. But decay set in and on the fourth day Dr Reece performed an autopsy which showed no evidence of pregnancy.

Nevertheless, Southcottians today believe that Joanna gave birth to the new Messiah who was snatched up to heaven and is yet to come to rule the world.

Farmer's daughter and fanatic, Joanna Southcott at one time had 14,000 adherents.



They set great store by this interpretation of her prophecy but it is the unpublished "sealed writings" of Joanna that they hold in greatest regard.

These are the contents of the box which she directed should be opened by 24 bishops in time of national peril. They are, say the Southcottians, the testament of God as revealed to Joanna—its purpose for the ill of the British, His chosen people, the means of salvation for immortal man.

PROSPEROUS

It all seems rather blasphemous, and yet there is a pathetic sincerity about the present-day Southcottians, even though they maintain a wholly unreasonable air of secrecy about Joanna's box.

The Panacea Society has spent thousands of pounds on the Press, advertising its demands that the bishops should open the box, and yet will not say where it is located today. The inquirer is politely told that it is in the custody of a member of the movement, but the society will not name the custodian. A photograph purporting to be of the box adorns some of its literature, however.

In 1927, that remarkable man of psychical research, Harry Price, produced a box which he

declared to be Joanna's and persuaded one bishop only—Dr Fline of Grantham—to be present at its opening in Church House, Westminster. It proved to contain nothing more helpful than a pair of horse pistols, a late 18th-century novel, and a few trinkets.

The Panacea Society thereupon denied that Mr Price's was the real box and insisted on its demand that the full set of 24 bishops should assemble to open the one in its custody. But, as mentioned before, the society has now altered its methods. It no longer appeals directly to the episcopate. It is spending less on propaganda. It is my belief that it has less to spend and that Southcottism is dying.

Joanna's Bermondsey chapel became a leather warehouse and is now demolished. Her name is scarcely remembered in this centre of her activity 150 years ago. The Panacea Society, which pays rates on 23 properties (including its printing house) in Bedford, makes practically no impact on that town and, one supposes, very little impression outside of it. But for newspaper articles I think the nation in spite of the society's efforts would long ago have ceased to care about Joanna Southcott.

THE PRINCE TO SELL HIS WHITE ELEPHANT

From SAM WHITE

Paris. In a three-room mews flat—and there is nothing "smart" about a Parisian mews flat—I found Prince Felix Youssouf. He is 68 now; as a young officer in Tsarist Russia he took part in the plot that disposed of that sinister monk, Rasputin.

Prince Youssouf has twice been involved in lawsuits. And twice he has won handsomely. The first time was in 1934. A British court awarded his wife £25,000 damages against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for libels in the film, Rasputin, The Mad Monk.

The second occasion was recently in Paris. A court ruled that the Chateau de Kerollet in Brittany, which the Prince's great-grandmother, Countess de Chateaufort, had left to the nation, should revert to the Youssouf family because the conditions of the will had not been carried out.

The chateau and its many treasures are valued at £400,000. I visited the Prince to find out how he had fared between these two legal actions and what plans he had for the future. His life is chilly and damp, with cool mornings and dark

with self-enforced electricity cuts.

The hessian-covered walls display a few yellowing, unframed family snapshots, two battered banjos—relics of the Prince's gay youth as a Tsarist officer; a small, tinted photo of the Tsar and the Tsarina stands in a corner.

The furniture is old and nondescript and the mats on the sitting-room floor are threadbare. Into this setting strides the Prince, marvellously erect, handsome, dressed like an English country gentleman, with his cheeks rosy as though he had just come from an early morning gallop.

We talk first about his newly won chateau. He explains that it appears to be something of a white elephant. First, the French Government may appeal against the verdict, thereby prolonging litigation which has already lasted six years. Then, even if it finally becomes his, there will be heavy death-duties to pay and an accumulation of legal fees.

What he aims to do, he tells me, is to sell the chateau to a French charitable institution and to live with his 59-year-old wife in the caretaker's lodge. The Youssoufs have one child—a daughter, married to a sleeping clerk in Lyons.

"It will be good to have a home of our own again," he explains. "But not the chateau—we have lost our taste for chateaux."

What happened to the £25,000 his wife won in 1934? That, he explains, was invested in a trust and the capital cannot be touched. They receive an annual income from it now of under £1,000 a year. Both the Prince and his wife have become deeply religious with the years. They have become converts to faith-healing, their major interest in life is to find patients for a faith healer.

They see few people, and only go out occasionally to a small Russian restaurant. They are deeply touched by the interest the Duke of Windsor displays in them when he is in Paris.

Recently the Duchess of Windsor wrote inviting them to lunch at their country home near Paris. "What genius, what tenacity," said the Prince, speaking of the Duchess. "It is wrong to judge people," he added. "Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin—they all had their role to play. They were all puppets of destiny."

"Even Rasputin?" I asked. "Even he," he replied. "Even the Unpredictable."

GREAT SALE

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HE "KILLED" HIMSELF TWICE AND LIVED ON THE INSURANCE

By A. J. FORREST

THE best-laid schemes of crooked men can collapse very suddenly, thanks to Interpol. There was Herr X, for instance, who lived palatially in an East Swiss resort, not far from lovely Lake Constance.

As an elderly, practising lawyer, Herr X enjoyed the esteem alike of the civic authorities and his prosperous professional friends. Then one Monday morning, shortly before the war, he was unaccountably missing from his office as was also a pretty girl secretary.

One of his clients, having stopped into an inheritance, was expecting his legacy in cash. So the question of the lawyer's whereabouts was of thumping big interest to him. The police, informed of the lawyer's sudden disappearance, took control of his office.

Official auditors examined the books. Then the reason for his absence was star-clear. The sum of 450,000 Swiss francs, nearly £40,000 worth of his clients' money, had vanished too.

Switzerland is not a country where crooks can easily hide. It is small, and police control is relatively easy.

Being without big cities or slums or seaports, there are few places, least of all mountain villages, where wanted criminals can lie up undetected.

So Herr X's portrait (spoken picture) was immediately transmitted by radio to Berlin, then Interpol's European centre.

Within forty-eight hours, Paris forwarded a message from Cherbourg. The harbour police reported that a man answering to Herr X's description had embarked on the liner Europa which was sailing for New York. The captain was contacted by radio, requested to identify Herr X and, if satisfied that he was the absconding East Swiss lawyer, to confront him with the grave charge of embezzlement.

Luxury Cabin

The captain reported that the suspect was occupying a luxury cabin, sharing it with a young Swiss lady. But when he had spoken of embezzlement, Herr X had denied emphatically the imputation against his character. Further instructions were essential. For the captain, at this stage of the proceedings, had no authority to arrest or detain Herr X.

SECRETS OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME

The FULL, authentic inside story of INTERPOL, the organisation which fights international crime all over the world, which has been the means of bringing thousands of criminals to justice. Written with the complete co-operation of the staff of INTERPOL

tions were essential. For the captain, at this stage of the proceedings, had no authority to arrest or detain Herr X.

Authority to make an arrest was immediately wired to him and, armed with the radio-telegram, the captain, accompanied by two senior officers, entered the wanted man's cabin.

Herr X, his brow clouded in anger, started back. One officer gripped his arms, forcing them tightly behind his back, while the captain pronounced the order of arrest. The girl burst into tears. So cruelly were her dreams of a luxury

wages were insufficient for their pleasures, he soon succeeded in "blinding himself" as the result of an accident at work. Up popped Henriette, distracted by her husband's terrible affliction, to collect the insurance money on his behalf.

Tactful Sympathy

Thus inspired, the pair felt they had the key to vast resources. Henriette sailed back to Belgium. Meanwhile Nicolaidi, his slight thoroughly sound now, prospected fresh ground in Youngstown (Ohio).

Getting employment in an ironworks, he took out a \$5000-dollar life insurance policy, with his wife as sole beneficiary in the event of his death. Soon afterwards, it happened that his fellow lodger met with a fatal accident. Whether his death was truly accidental, or whether Nicolaidi made it appear so, was never determined.

Within a few days of this fatality, a police inspector called at Henriette's home in Brussels, telling her in tactful sympathy that her husband had been killed. Then, as a matter of official business, he asked her to identify a photograph he showed her of the corpse. She swore it was Nicolaidi's, breaking down and sobbing as she did so.

She received from the Youngstown Insurance Company, Nicolaidi's full death money. Soon her "dead" husband joined her, his face all smiles and fingers obviously itching to get hold of his reward as a counterfeit "corpse."

Riotous Living

For a time they lived riotously. Then, with funds running out, Nicolaidi thought it expedient to kill and bury himself once more. This time he insured himself under another name. A Brussels company, having accepted his initial premium and satisfied themselves as to his medical report, now guarded his precious life to the tune of 50,000 Swiss francs. Then he went to Roumania.

Within a few weeks, as planned, Henriette received a letter, purporting to come from her deceased husband's mother. The letter enclosed his death certificate. In her widow's weeds she tripped off to the insurance company.

A little cautious, they did not give her the money immediately, but requested her first to forward a special form to her dead husband's mother, asking for certain particulars and a doctor's signature.

Back came the form very quickly, all details completed, and the essential signature attached. With it, in the "bereaved mother's" handwriting—the good woman had actually died some years earlier—was a request for an advance payment of 1,500 francs to meet her son's funeral expenses. The insurance company promptly forwarded this, and Henriette pocketed a fat cheque for the balance of 48,500 francs.

Meanwhile, in Roumania, Nicolaidi shrewdly described himself as an Adventist by religious conviction, well aware that followers of this faith are buried with a minimum of pomp and documentation. As schemed, he "died" after a bout of pneumonia but, as his "doctor" attested, from "natural causes."

Already his grave had been dug on the Adventists' rather neglected plot. A fresh burial having taken place there a day or two earlier, it proved easy to persuade the grave-diggers, then engaged, to prepare for another interment. Then two confederates, to whom Nicolaidi promised a share in his fortune, agreed to play the part of undertakers.

Sandbag "Corpse"

Hiring a hackney drawn hearse, and driving it themselves, they collected his coffin "body" and conveyed it with appropriate solemnity, to the burial ground.

Soon afterwards, with false papers and identity, Nicolaidi, accompanied by his two confederates, landed in Brussels, their minds set on every kind of material delight.

But crooks seldom enjoy or earn that most priceless gift of human life, true friendship. One of Nicolaidi's friends wanted a bigger split than the twice resurrected "corpse" was willing to give.

So, with Nicolaidi adamant, his friend wrote anonymously to the police. Inquiries began. And the entire series of insurance swindling impostures was disclosed.

The Roumanian police decided it was essential to see who was buried in place of this audacious swindler.

They dug up Nicolaidi's coffin, very heavily nailed down, for examination. On prizing open the lid they were relieved to find, not a corpse, but a heavy sandbag wrapped in old newspapers.

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PAL PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

"I raft down the rapids of the Rio Grande"

THE PRINCESS WILL FIND EXCITEMENT

Princess Margaret flies west into the sunshine on the last day of this month on February 1 she starts her Caribbean tour. Here EVELYN IRONS—takes a close-up preview of the official—and off-duty—programme for the Princess.

NEW YORK. MOST of Princess Margaret's time away from the crowded official functions of her tour of the West Indies next month will be spent in that expensive Royal yacht which has been assigned to transport her from island to island. But here and there she will be shown the sybaritic June-in-February life that most other tourists rave about.

One of the days she will enjoy most will be at Heron Bay. This is the coral limestone house which Mr Ronald Tree, wealthy ex-M.P., built for himself and his American second wife seven years ago on a private beach in Barbados—the sugar-growing island the size of the Isle of Wight which was originally settled by Englishmen and is called Little England.

Taking it easy

At his home in New York Mr Tree told me: "The Princess will spend a day with us, lunking and swimming and taking it easy. Nobody will be there except the family."

Mr Tree's young son, Jeremy (one of Princess Margaret's closest friends), will be there. So will his other son, Michael, and his wife, Lady Anne; they will have two days in New York before leaving for Barbados with Mr and Mrs Ronald Tree to open the house for the season. Lady Anne's sister, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, is one of the Princess's two ladies-in-waiting during the tour, and their father, the Duke of Devonshire, is travelling to Barbados to be with them when Princess Margaret goes to Heron Bay.

Fairy palace

Government House in Bridgetown, Barbados, where the Princess will be staying with the Governor, Brigadier Sir Robert Arundell, and his wife (who have a room at Cambridge), is nothing out of the run of official residences in the islands. But Heron Bay, built in the style of the great 16th century architect Palladio, is something from a fairytale, with classical dining-

north overlooking the jade and turquoise sea and tropical garden filled with orchid-covered trees.

Another high spot of the four weeks' tour will be the day when the Princess will spend an afternoon rafting down the Rio Grande in Jamaica. Even the way I did it—in a deluge of tropical rain—this five-mile adventure, careering down a broad, shallow river snaking through ravines of lushly wooded bluffs under the high Blue Mountains, is one of the thrills of a lifetime.

In a rough riverbed but you change into a bathing-suit. Then you embark on a long, narrow raft made of thick bamboo poles lashed together. In the stern is a seat for two. Your "captain," a lean Negro boy in shorts, has the run of the river-washed deck as he guides the frail craft over the dozens of rapids with his huge bamboo pole.

White herons sit lazily over the water. Naked boys and girls wade out from the shore, playing mouth-organs and begging for pennies. Where the stream runs quiet and deep you pull up and swim. At each foaming rapid you have the illusion that the raft will be dashed to pieces, but the "captain," who has a sense of theatre, keeps you on tenterhooks while he misses the rocks by millimetres.

Summer, summer

When she steps from her aeroplane in Trinidad after her flight from wintry London, the Princess will receive the full impact of the islands where it is always summer—the heat (about 80 degrees), the riot of purple bougainvillea, the tiny jewelled humming birds sipping the scarlet or rose-coloured hibiscus flowers, the women in their flowered summer dresses and the men in their sparkling whites.

My bet on what will impress her most—the steel bands. "You remember that 'dusbin orchestra' from Trinidad that was in London for the Festival of Britain? The strange pulsating rhythms of those brightly painted instruments made from discarded oil drums have an infinitely more vital impact here, in their own place.

The Princess will miss the carnival, when Trinidad goes crazy for two days before Ash Wednesday, with all Port of Spain in fantastic costume playing and singing and dancing

through the day and night. But when she arrives she will find a mad whirl of preparation for that wild festival, with 150 bands drumming at the top of their form.

Sandwiched among her schedule of children's rallies, addresses of welcome, hospital visits and the other duties of a royal tour is a miniature carnival specially laid on for her. She will like that.

One more rally

From Trinidad the Princess makes a 35-minute flight to T-bugo called Robinson Crusoe Island. Lucie Deftoe, who never left a footprint on its palm-fringed sands, stole the setting from a book he read about it. A pity her 8½-hour visit there seems to allow her to fly to see the off-shore island which is the only place outside New Guinea where birds of paradise live in a wild state. Instead, she presides at a children's rally and a garden party.

At Grenada, spice-scented island where the main crop is nutmeg and the hills rising steeply from the Caribbean are covered with hibiscus, bougainvillea and scarlet-flowered royal poinciana trees, another garden party, another children's rally.

The same on busy windwept Antigua—but here I am glad to see, they are taking the Princess to one of the most romantic spots in the West Indies—a crumbling, land-locked English Harbour, which was once Nelson's dockyard, and where his house and some of his naval workshops and offices still stand.

Another side

The Governor of the Leeward Islands, Sir Kenneth Blackburne, is giving her a picnic lunch at Clarence House, his country residence, perched on the hill overlooking the harbour where the Duke of Clarence, later King William IV, lived for a time. With all the formal functions and picturesque excursions, it may not be easy for Princess Margaret to realise the seamy side of life in these idyllic islands, which Lloyd George called "the slums of the Empire." She may not be allowed to see the conditions in the poverty-line shanty-towns which are driving thousands of West Indians to wrest a living from chilly Britain.

But perhaps she will insist on being taken round to the back door, too.

This Machine Records Your Secret Thoughts

From CHAPMAN PINCHER

PARIA. A MACHINE which reveals what happens in our brains when we watch an exciting film has been built by French scientists.

They are using it to find out if the unnatural habit of watching TV and listening to radio has any unexpected effects on the brain.

The experiments are backed by French radio and TV authorities who believe they may yield new information leading to a better understanding of what programmes people enjoy most.

The machine is also being used to study the precise effects on the masculine mind of striptease pictures.

Today I volunteered to be the first British "guinea-pig" in their experiments at the famous Sainte Anne Hospital in Paris.

While I sat in an armchair facing a cinema screen four girls linked me with the big recording machine.

A helmet with 10 electric contacts to pick up "brain-waves" was fixed to my head. Devices to measure my "emotional reactions" were attached to my hands.

LIGHTS OUT

My left leg was linked with an electric pulse-beat recorder. A plastic tunnel was fixed in front of my nose to detect changes in my breathing rate. Then the lights went out and the strangest film I have ever seen flashed on to the screen. It was an ingenious mix-up of shots showing war scenes, mountain climbing, girls' legs in fish-net stockings, boxing, Berlin riots, hungry children, and mild striptease.

It ended with a hilarious sequence showing J. Fred Muggs,

the American TV chimpanzee, filling in his income tax forms. Then my chair was swivelled round to face a TV-sized screen on which appeared pictures of strange patterns and girl models in artistic poses.

All the time women biologists watched my private thoughts being traced out by galvanizing pens on a paper chart.

When analysed, this snoop inside my skull turned out to be a devastating disclosure of the primitive side of my personality.

The appearance of special "theta" brain-waves showed that I was severely disappointed when the climber did not fall.

EMBARRASSING

I was frustrated when no blood was drawn in the boxing bout, and morbidly excited when men were wounded in the battle scenes.

Scenes of misery left me unmoved. Yet while I have always professed to be bored by strip-tease acts the "thought-machine" disclosed an embarrassingly strong response.

The moment the fish-net stockings were pulled down my eyes stopped blinking and my heart beat faster. When it abruptly ended there was an abundance of frustration waves and blinks.

I wanted to deny it all and pass off the eye-blinks as yawns but there was the chart showing every brain-wave, every eyelid movement, every heart-beat, every breath.

The experiments have been devised by Dr Georges Verducci, a leading Paris psychiatrist, his biologist wife Jacqueline, and Robert Franco, who is working on behalf of the Centre d'Etudes Radiophoniques.

They are also being used to probe the effects of prison life on the minds of men.

Tiger THE GOLD MEDAL Championship BEER



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JANE dives to a washout

The moment before
a smile vanished



There's an unpleasant side to this business of being an underwater star. Jane Russell, draped with diving gear and flippers, emerges mournfully from Florida's calm waters. Damp, dubious, dismal.



Jane Russell, about to go down, still keeps the orthodox film star smile. But it was no fun in the underwater stalls.

UNDERWATER FILM FLOP WAS NO FUN—EVEN FOR FISHES

From HUGH DUNDAS

SILVER SPRINGS, Fla. (UPI)—Swimming talent, stomping around on the water's edge for nearly two chilly hours, almost drowned, a specially prepared underwater superscope screen. Squatting uncomfortably on a bench in the bottom of a boat, sharing an 8in. port hole with two other spectators, I was able to see when the premiere of the great new E.R.C. superscope production "Underwater" had started. Two hours later.

Peering through the glass, I saw dimly come, of the credit lines, I even caught a snatch of two of the accompanying music. But with the beginning of the film, itself the screen faded from sight.

My own line of vision was occupied at a range of about two yards by the goose-pimple legs and torso of blonde Jane Russell, a plump young lady built pretty well along the same lines as Marilyn Monroe and allegedly destined for stardom.

The poor girl had made a decorative entry into the water 90 minutes earlier, wearing her third and most dramatic bathing suit of the day: a pink and tiny bikini.

By this time I judged she would gladly have traded all the pretty clothes in the world for a couple of Army blankets and a hot water bottle.

For 25 minutes the pretence dragged on. The audience, dry and wet soon drifted away.

Mr. Howard Hughes, the multimillionaire film maker and owner of the world's largest flying boat which could hardly fly, now has to his credit also the world's only water cinema show—which could hardly be seen.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"No, no, Chester. Seriously, I've come just to see the picture."

Are there no GENTLEMEN any more?

HOW hard it is to be a gentleman in this supersonic age. Hats are rarely worn—so how can they be raised?

A zebra crossing is a much safer way of crossing the street than the arm of any squire. You can't offer your seat in an airliner.

So the question is posed: ARE THERE ANY GENTLEMEN LEFT?

Four women who ought to know—a famous four who between them meet all shades of society—provide the answer. What do they decide?

That the art of being a gentleman is flourishing. But read what they say—and then decide how your husband rates.

Take the views of LADY CLARE, wife of Sir Kenneth Clark, chairman of the Independent Television Authority.

She has been president of the Society of London Fashion Designers. Now, through her children, she gets a preview of the modes and minims of the next crop of grown-ups.

"My children's friends are so polite, their manners are so perfect that they make me wonder. I am sure we were never so well behaved when we were young."

Four famous hostesses weigh up the state of chivalry in 1955—and find that Englishmen lead

"If manhood are only superficial they are no disguise. You can always tell the man who is not a real gentleman."

"A public school gives the gloss but there are just as many gentlemen who never went near such a place."

Lady Clark's definition: A gentleman is a man with a code of ethics which he never breaks. He has kindness, sympathy, and integrity.

Her favourite gentleman: "Good Heavens, I know too many. I can't pick one out."

MRS GERALD LEGGE, 24-year-old Mayfair hostess, Westminster City councillor, prison lecturer, and airport catering critic, has her own views.

Gentlemen, she claims, end at Dover.

"My idea of a gentleman," she says, "is that combination of manners and character which has been evolved by the British. One doesn't hear of a French gentleman or a German gentleman. Always the English gentleman."

Mrs Legge's definition: Being a gentleman involves helping an old woman across a road. It is the opposite of standing pennies from a blind beggar. That's an over-simplification, but it shows what I mean.

Her favourite gentleman: My husband—after 24 hours' thought I have decided he has the qualifications.

Soon THE COUNTESS OF LITTON'S daughter marries Lord Granley.

It will be a much-photographed wedding. But will there be more top hats and morning coats than gentlemen?

The countess's daughter of a Hungarian diplomat of the old regime... says no.

"There are a great many gentlemen about," she states. She says "No" to Mrs. Legge's claim that the title of "gentleman" belongs to the English.

"Even a Russian can be a gentleman," says the countess. The countess's definition: The gentlemanly, courteous, honest and chivalry.



"If a woman's car breaks down on any road, the most wonderful things happen."

By ROBERT GLENTON

MRS LLEWELLYN, wife of Britain's most famous horseman, Colonel Harry Llewellyn.

She adds: "And England is full of gentlemen. If a woman's car breaks down on any road the most wonderful things happen. It's just a procession of gentlemen of every class of society... every one trying to help."

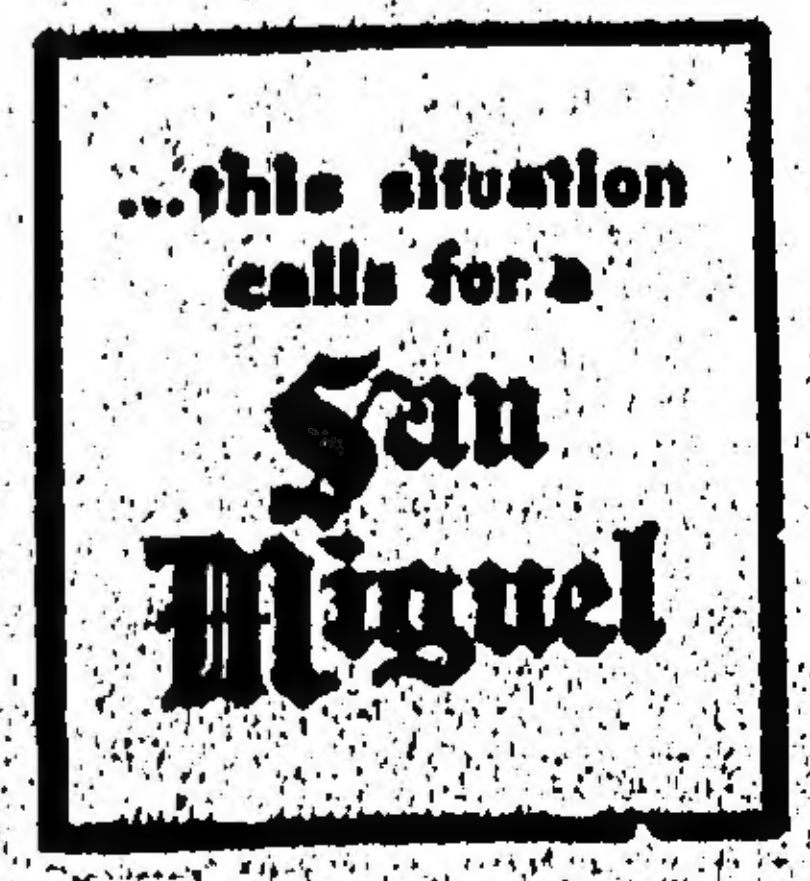
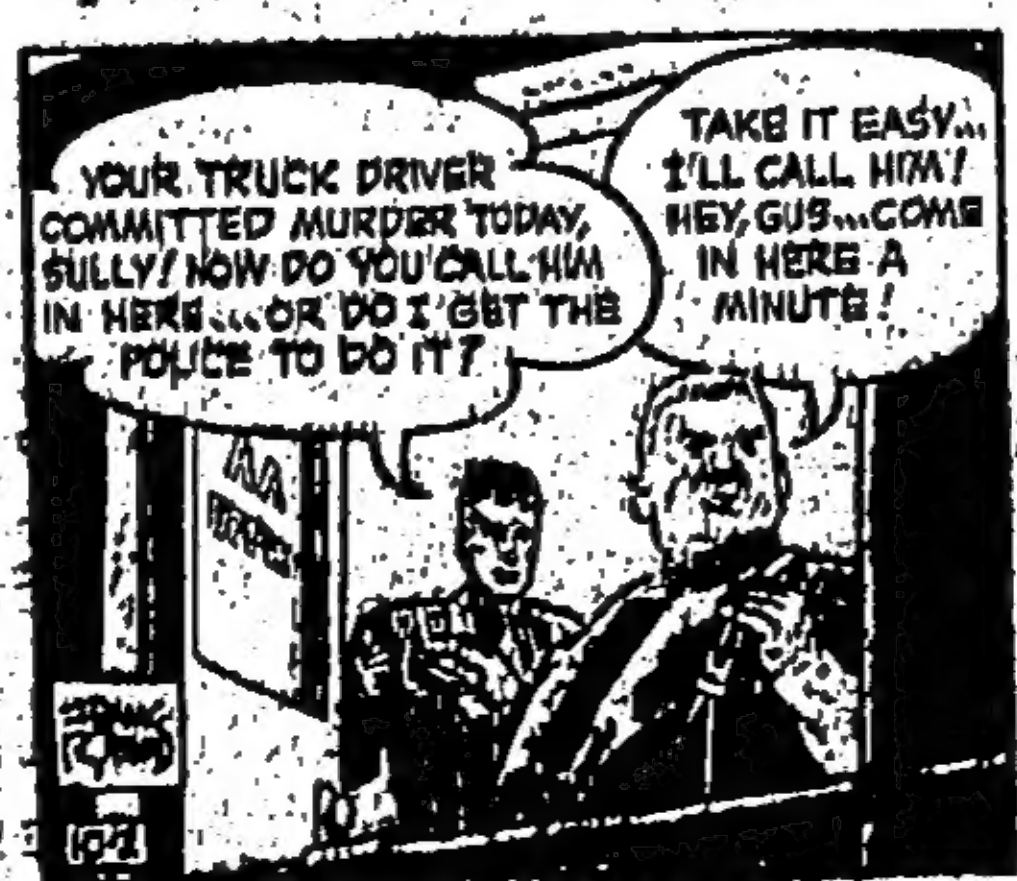
"I once held a shop door open in America. I absent-mindedly went on holding it open until I suddenly discovered 12 men walking through one after another. That wouldn't happen here."

Mrs Llewellyn's definition: A gentleman has perfect manners, sympathy, and above all he has fire. He is positive, not just negatively polite.

Her favourite gentleman: Prince Philip has most of the qualities I regard as important.

Now sit back... take a long, long look at your husband. How near does he come to the critical standards of Legge, Llewellyn, and Clark?

JOHNNY HAZARD



William Hickey

STAGE SECRETS ARE TOLD... BUT THE MAGIC STILL REMAINS

I WENT to Wyndham's Theatre to watch Paul Rogers and Rosalind Boxall show children how a scene from a play—in this case, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—is built up from a first reading to a dress rehearsal.

Margaret Leighton—very smart in a black suit and red hat—introduced the performance. At first she confessed that she was a bit worried. She didn't know whether it was a good thing to let people into the mystery of the theatre. "It should be kept a mystery."

Behold—the truth

She need not have worried. We saw the shrouds being pulled off the mystery—bluntly, cruelly. But the magic was more potent than ever.

London. I have never known an audience so intense. And the adults were as silent as the children.

It was a virtuoso performance by Paul and Rosalind. It would provide a first-class entertainment anywhere.

They came in, wearing ordinary clothes, very businesslike.

"We are going to strip the magic from everything," said Paul. "We are just going to do it as it happens."

Paul was Bottom. Rosalind, Titania. Bottom has just got his ass's head. Titania is asleep.

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?" said Titania in a flat voice.

"Cut that next bit," said Rogers. "I shall make a bee-hive noise at that line."

Titania made notes on her copy. "Always have a pencil and make notes straightaway," she said.

They made uninteresting even such lines as: "And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep."

Next scene. Paul and Rosalind put away their chairs and had a go at the movement.

"You see," said Paul, "a stage is like a chessboard... centre, right centre, left centre, down stage, up stage. You get combinations like 'down right' and 'up right'."

"Do you mind if I don't lie down," said Rosalind. "It's my stockings."

"Keep it a fairly tight circle," said Paul. "Do you want me to do it in a ballet movement. After all, I am Titania."

"Yes," says Paul, "but not too much ballet. That would be too Reinhardt."

"I know," continues Rosalind, "slightly ballet. Slightly."

"That's it," says Paul. "Are you ready, darling?"

At that "darling" I could sense half the girls in audience making a fixed determination to go on the stage—whatever father says.

The scene was coming to life now.

There was a softness in Titania's voice as she half-whispered: "I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again; Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note."

There was a dim-witted clownishness about Bottom's "I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could."

Next scene. On come the make-up boxes.

Paul wears a rather off-white bath robe. Rosalind in a housecoat. This was the transformation scene.

This was the magic of colour, pencil, sponge, and brush.

It was useless for Paul to try to destroy it all with off-hand remarks as he rubbed brown on his face. "We would have polished our performance quite a lot by now. The scene is a woodland glade."

It was useless for Rosalind to say, "First you must remove everything with removing grease. And then wipe it off. I always use babies' oil apples"—and promptly produced a tattered rag.

There was magic in the bottles. Magic in the hands that used them.

We saw Titania come to life. "I've got to get rid of my eyebrows," said Rosalind, "so I rub them with soap."

And sure enough they disappeared.

We saw her point on new ones—great, dramatic streaks that arched their way round her forehead.

Rogers was busy putting vermilion on the tip of his nose—"just to show it's a comedy."

The apparent

And then off came the bathrobe and the housecoat.

Evelyn, the designer, came on with Titania's train, Bottom's ass's head and belt.

"If it was a real performance," said Rosalind, "I would be going up and down on my knees in the dressing-room so that my knees wouldn't crack when I got up on the stage."

And sure enough her knees did crack when she got up. But that was the last attempt on their part to "strip the magic away."

They had failed utterly. We were looking not at Paul Rogers or Rosalind Boxall any longer.

(Continued on Page 10 Col. 8)

By Frank Robbins

Mischief

SEE too the mischief that Krishna Menon has done since he moved to the United Nations.

In September 1953 he was calling for an end to

He has always been a fierce doctrinaire Left-winger. For 13 years he was a Socialist councillor at St Pancras; for three the party's parliamentary candidate at Dundee. And as secretary of the India League, which he created in 1930, he was for 17 years the most zealous and inflexible propagandist for Indian independence at work in Britain. Even in wartime he was privately prodding Roosevelt and Stalin to persuade the British Government to let India go "free."

He can be expected to see-saw carefully between East and West and accept the compromises of Russia without complaint.

He can be trusted to snatch every possible advantage from India's Commonwealth connection without accepting any of the responsibilities.

How, in short, will the switch from Nehru to Krishna Menon affect India's international policies?

The answer is straightforward. In no way whatsoever.

...this situation calls for a San Miguel



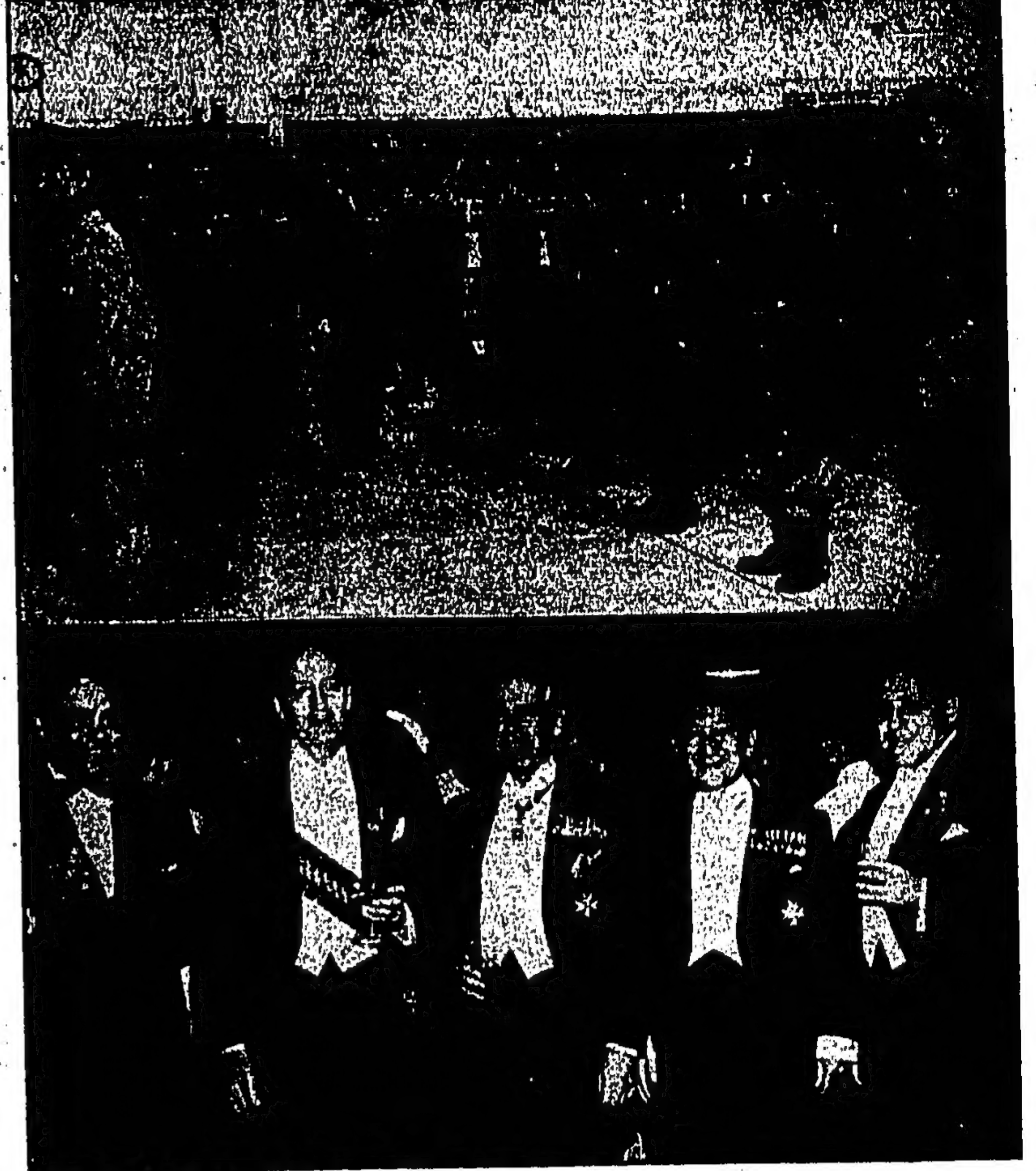
THE Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, meets members of the Grasshoppers football team from Zurich before their match with the All-Hongkong XI on Chinese New Year's Day. Right: The Grasshoppers' captain, W. Neukom, and the All-Hongkong leader, Tang Sum, exchange pennants before the kick-off. (Staff Photographer)



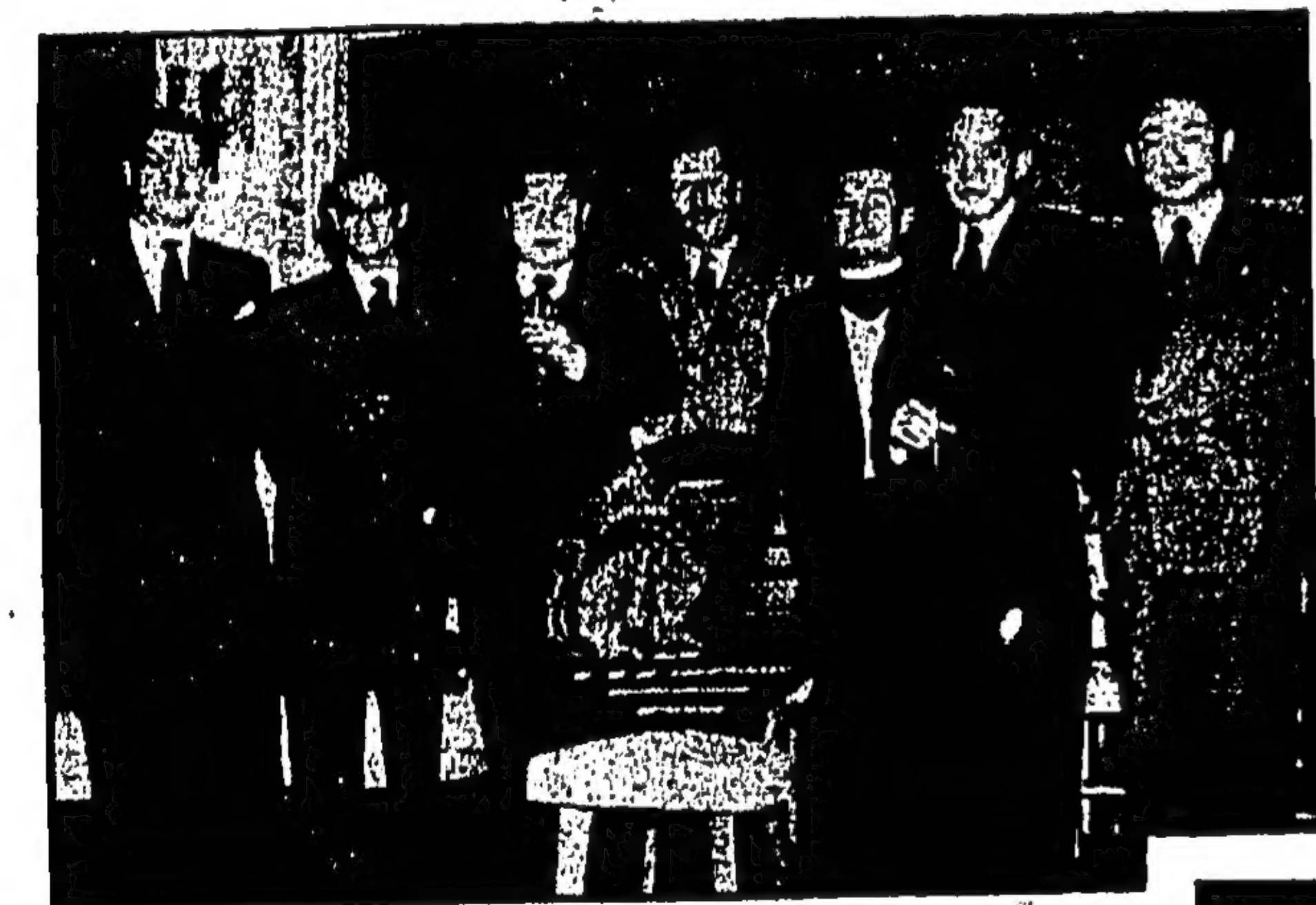
MR Desmond Prosser Inglis and his bride, the former Miss Rosemary Anne Road, after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, on Monday. The parties were Mr William Littler and Miss Beatrice Helm. (Staff Photographer)



TOP picture shows Lt-Gen. Sir Otto Lund, Commissioner-in-Chief of the St John Ambulance Brigade, inspecting local SJAB units at Caroline Hill. Lower picture taken at the St John Ambulance Ball at the Peninsula Hotel shows Sir Otto (centre) with His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, Mr Alim Jagtiani, Dr Arthur W. Woo and Mr Lawrence Kadoorie. (Staff Photographer)



AT the reunion dinner of the Ex-Chindits Association of Hongkong. From left: Mr K. B. Allport, Mr Y. T. Tse, Mr W. K. Lam, Col. J. D. Clague, Major the Rev. F. G. Wood, Mr C. K. Chak and Mr Maximo Cheng. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Scene from the Kowloon Cricket Club pantomime, "Little Red Riding Hood," showing Simple Simon (Bill Carter) with the Dairymaids. (Staff Photographer)



STARR LIU, who won the Jockey Cup on Fleetmaster at the Hongkong Jockey Club's annual meeting, seen with Mrs D. R. Benson, daughter-in-law of the Chairman of the Stewards, who presented the trophy. (Staff Photographer)

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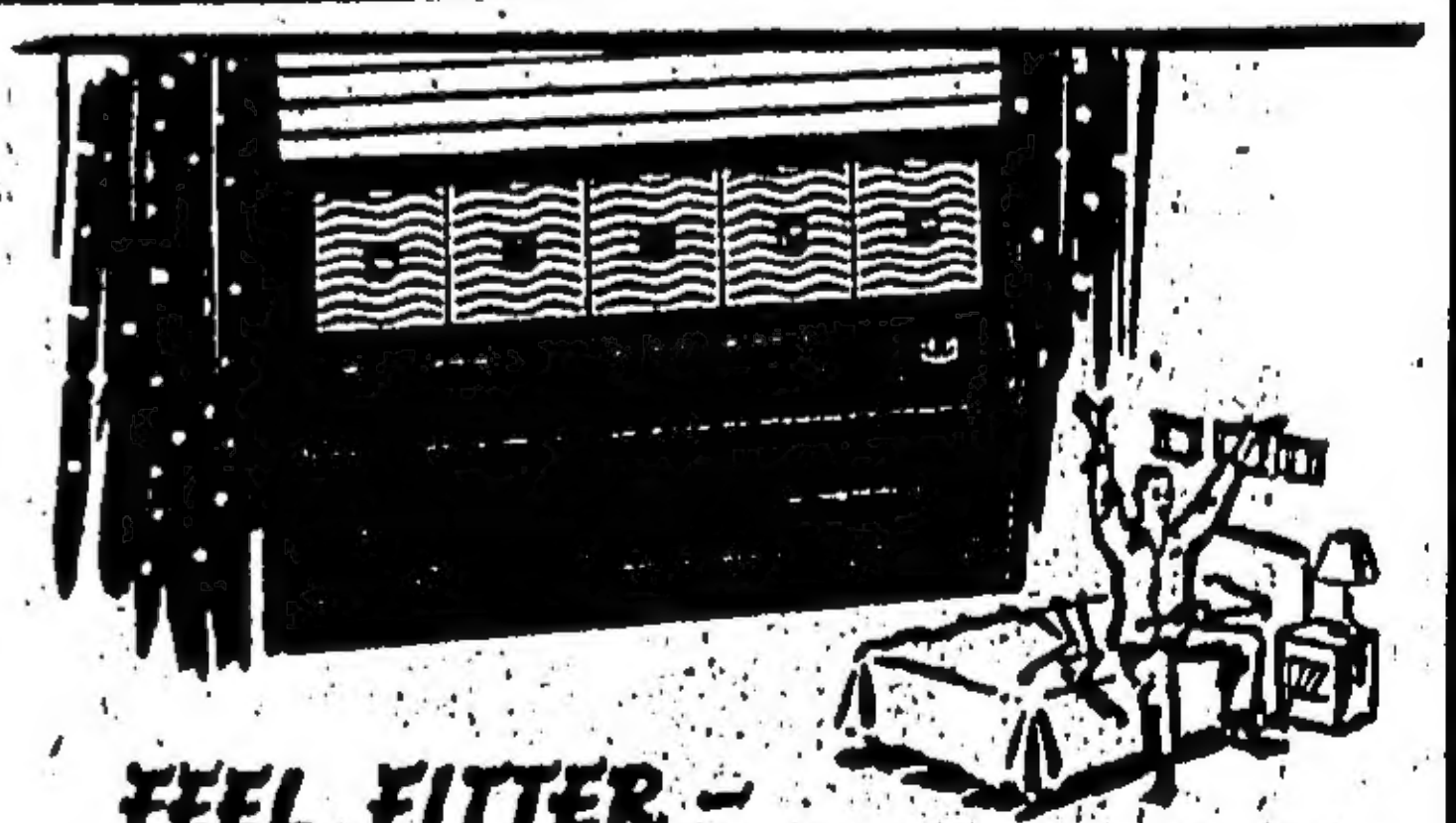
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FAMILIAR Chinese New Year scenes witnessed early this week. Top left: Choosing the highly-prized ball flower. Above: A little joss for the old year's favours and for good fortune in the new. Left: It is a children's holiday and these young lion dancers make the most of it. (Staff Photographer)



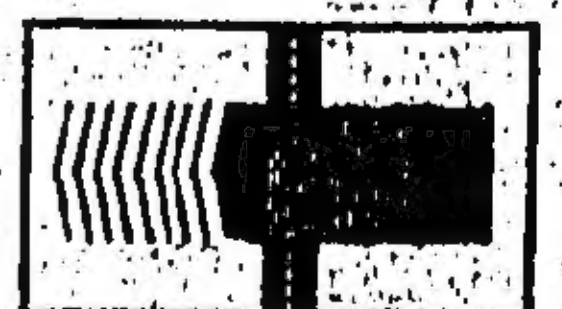
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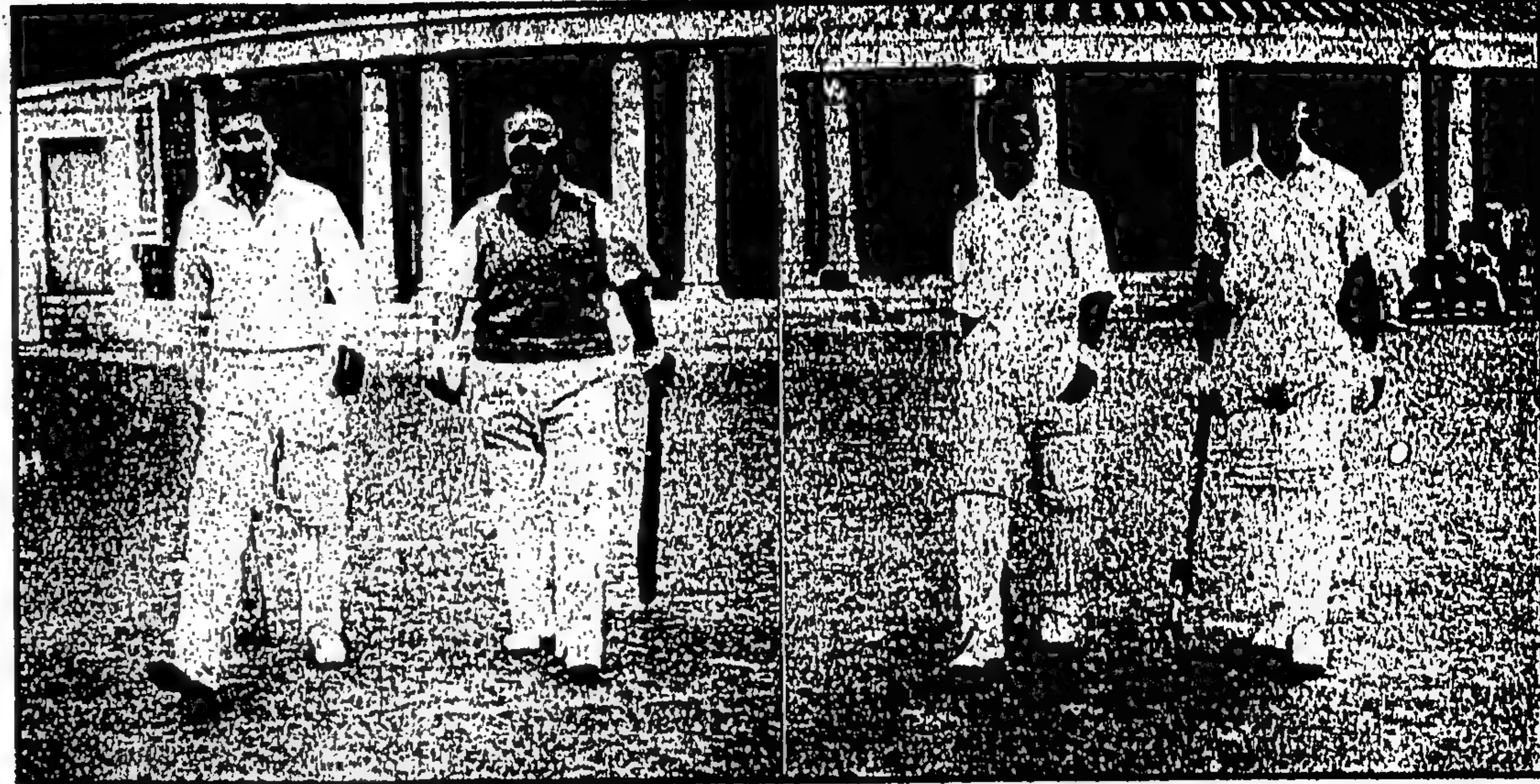


GILMANS

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ST Andrew's Church members gathered to say farewell to Mr and Mrs G. S. P. Haywood, who are leaving the Colony on retirement. (Staff Photographer)



OPENING bats in the friendly cricket match between Hongkong University "Occasionals" and the "SCM Postscripts." Left: D. Stanbridge and W. V. Pennell, who opened for the pressmen. Right: R. Jothy and H. Ching, opening bats for the "Occasionals." (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr H. C. Menzies, Australian Trade Commissioner, welcomes Lt-Gen. C.S. Sugden to the Australia Day reception at the Hongkong Club. (Staff Photographer)



AT the party given at the Gloucester Hotel to mark India's National Day. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, in conversation with Mr U. L. Parambi, Officer in charge of the Office of the Commissioner for India. (Staff Photographer)



VISITORS to the Aberdeen Trade School inspecting the work of the students on exhibition last week-end. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM presenting prizes at the Forces dance sponsored by the Women's International Club. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mothers and children receiving packages of food at the Chinese New Year party given at the Diocesan Boys' School on Thursday by the Kowloon centres of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



SQUARE dancing is becoming popular in Hong-kong. Picture shows enthusiasts going through the paces at the European YMCA. (Staff Photographer)

Gone are the days of cooking drudgery!

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TOASTS
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BROILS
GRILLS
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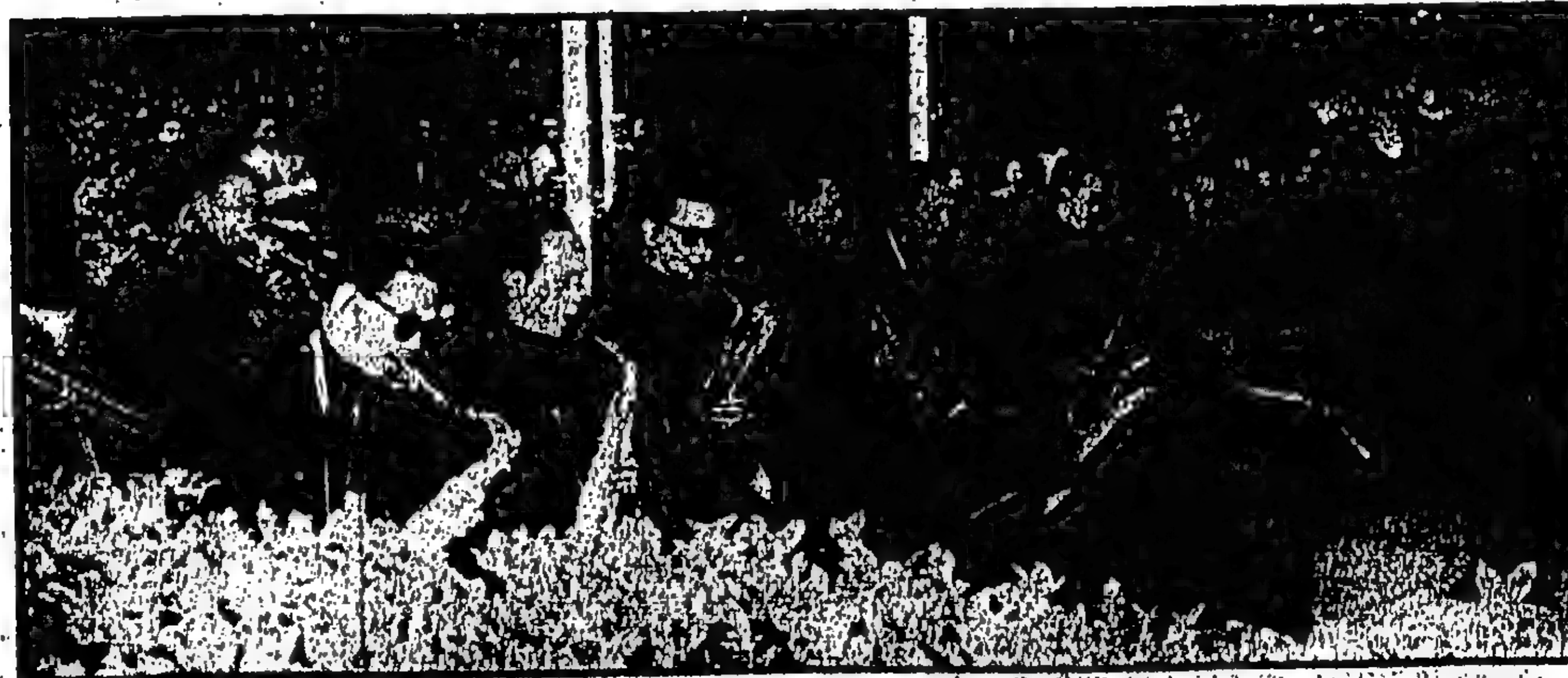
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HOLIDAYMAKERS at the Botanical Gardens during the Chinese New Year vacation greatly enjoyed the swing music of the Special Constabulary Band. The conductor is Neong Dixon. (Staff Photographer)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS
IN YOUTH

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

TOO many adults have forgotten when they were young, and how they felt about a number of matters to which, now, they give little thought. At the threshold of maturity, many problems and fears enter the mind. Most young people meet and solve these problems, but the process is not always easy.

The problem of choosing a life work is a serious one. To become a successful worker at some responsible job, whether the work is in a profession or a business, is a necessity. But there is more

to it—the choice of life's work should be such that there will be joy in work itself. No job is worth holding if it is nothing but an onerous chore to be done as quickly as possible and escaped from to more congenial times. The choice is not always helped by parental suggestions. The white-collar parent who considers any job beneath him if it gets the hands dirty or is performed in "work clothes," is prone to exert pressure, silently or vocally, to keep his children in the path which he has pursued. Vocations should be chosen by those who must live the life, tackle the job and adjust to it. No job will be all velvet and no

pickles, but there is no need to put on an occupational hair shirt at the start of life. Not even to please "Mom."

Presently, to follow father's occupation are often great limitations. If this is one of the limited professions (medicine, architecture, the law, education) or if a successful business has been founded, and the family must carry it, young people can have but two choices. If they do not wish to abide by the needs of the older generation, they can yield, or they can rebel. In either case it takes a strong and well-adjusted personality to succeed. If one yields, he faces the disadvantage of a life in which his own wishes may recede ever farther into an unattainable distance. If one rebels, he faces the disapproval or disappointment of the family, and this can be a serious, every failure will be charged with his "sufficiency" or "inadequacy." These are hard choices; the second is the better, because it preserves the integrity of the personality.

Not only the choice of a vocation is a problem for the youth, but in some cases, which I have known, the youth struggles with the uncertainty as to whether he will be a success, and be able to care for himself independently, in any occupation. The usual result from perfectionism or over-critical thinking, will have either expected too much of an average situation, or belittled and ridiculed the efforts of one with lesser gifts.

Sensitive Age

Among the goals of every young person is love, a home and parenthood. This desire, too, creates deep and serious questions of fitness and ability. There is in many boys a fear of failure, and they may never function as fathers. There is always the question of finding the right mate, and achieving reciprocal affection. The contemplations of the adult about "puppy love" or "cat love" together with heavy-handed and ill-timed "advice" are no help to the sensitive youth.

For youth is sensitive. They may not hard-boiled, but that is a cover-up. Youth's ideals are often rudely shattered by the actions of the words of the cynical older generation. Of course, young people must grow up to realization that there is much evil and cruelty in the world, but they need not be robbed of a faith in the good that exists, too, of which there is much more than is commonly realized.

Among youths, most severe indictments of the older generation is "they won't let us grow up, and at the same time they expect us to act like adults." There are many facets to this problem, and it is not a simple thing to pose as a key to the house, use of the family car, an allowance on which they can depend, division of youth's earnings with the rest of the family, dating, how their friends are treated in the home, a contented hearing for their opinions, a voice in the family councils, and many other ways in which their status as "people" can be recognized—or denied.

★

DESIRABLE EXTRAS

★



BRICK VENEER and wood siding make an attractive background for the Savoy's two ground floor picture windows with their colourful planting boxes.



SPLIT-LEVEL planning makes the exterior of the Lexington charmingly original.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

BOTH houses shown on today's page are more than one level plans.

The Savoy is a trim looking two-storey home that does credit to any community. It's a well-planned house, complete with conveniences and comforts plus luxury extras.

The living room runs the depth of the house. A good-sized area with five windows and a handsome fireplace,

it has a doorway to the terrace, one of the luxury extras already mentioned.

To the right of the entrance, is a separate dining room, another nice part of this plan. It's close by the kitchen, which conveniently features a service entry. A lavatory completes the ground floor plan.

Sleeping quarters take over the first floor. There are three bedrooms. One,

which might be used as a study, enjoys a pleasant sun deck (another extra) over the garage.

The bath has both a shower and a separate bathtub.

The Savoy, which comprises 1,394 square feet, is packed with value, and economical to build.

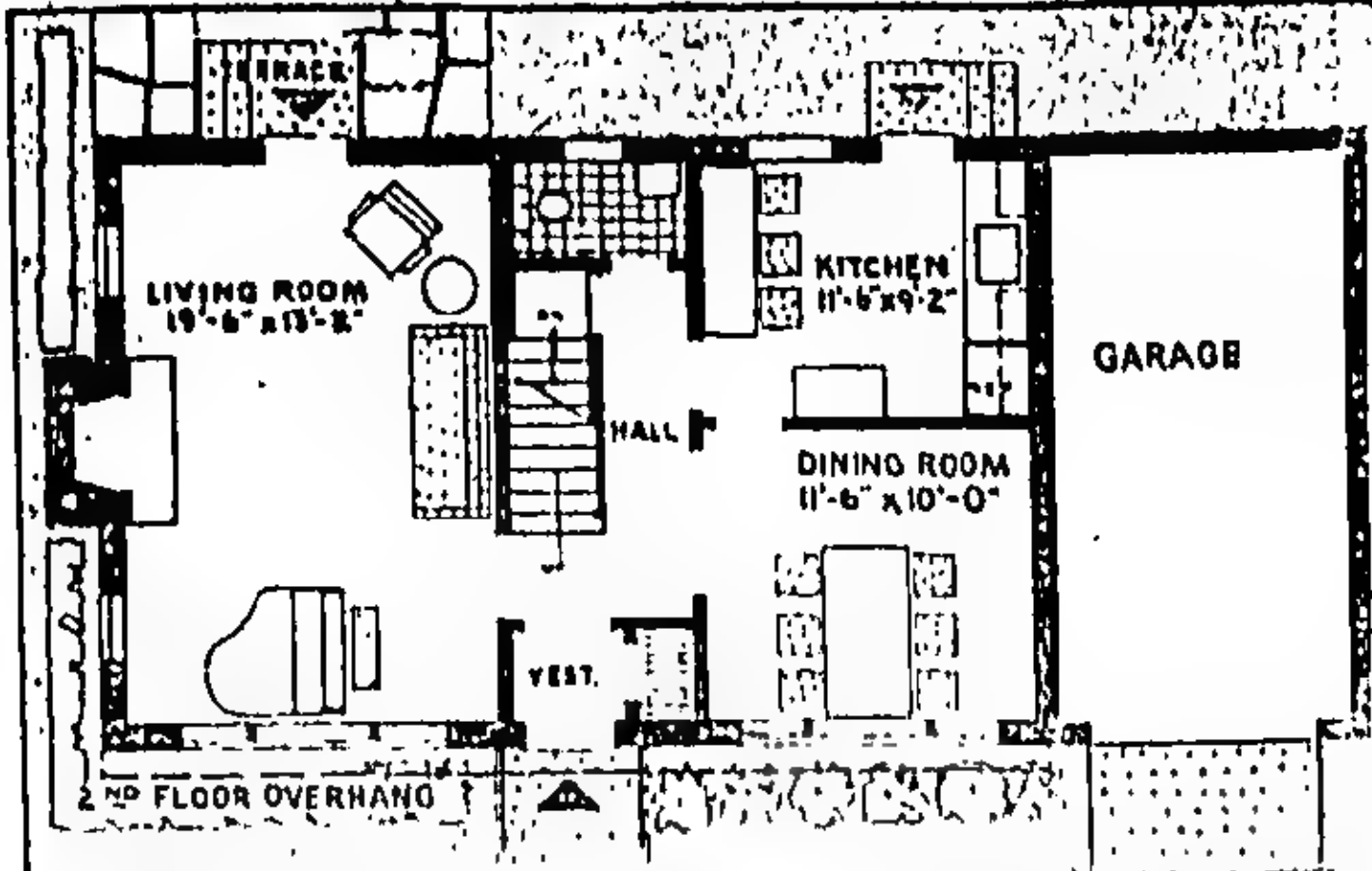
Split-Level Special

The Lexington is something special in split-level design.

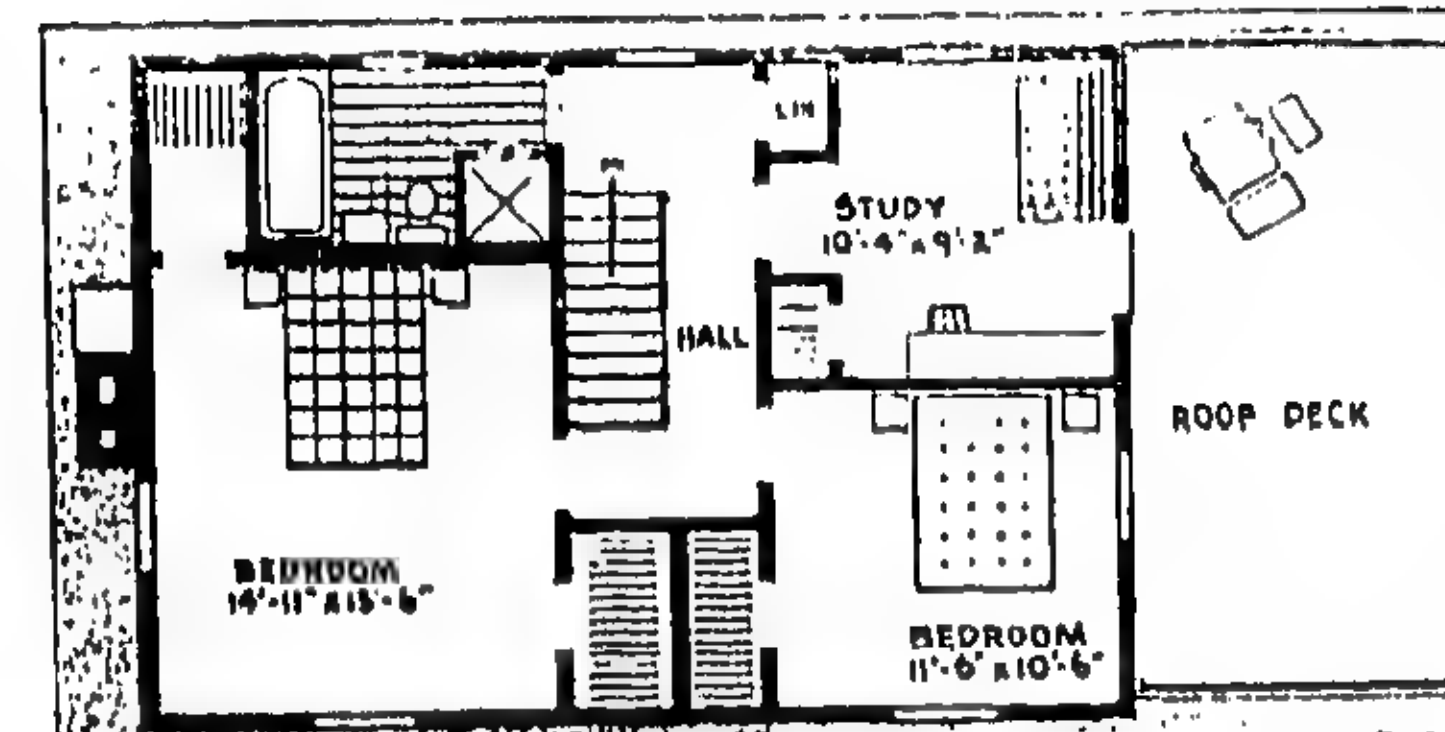
Counting basement and garage, the home has six levels as the section diagram shows.

A large, well-proportioned living room takes up half the main level, while a separate dining room and a kitchen with a short-order eating space complete the floor.

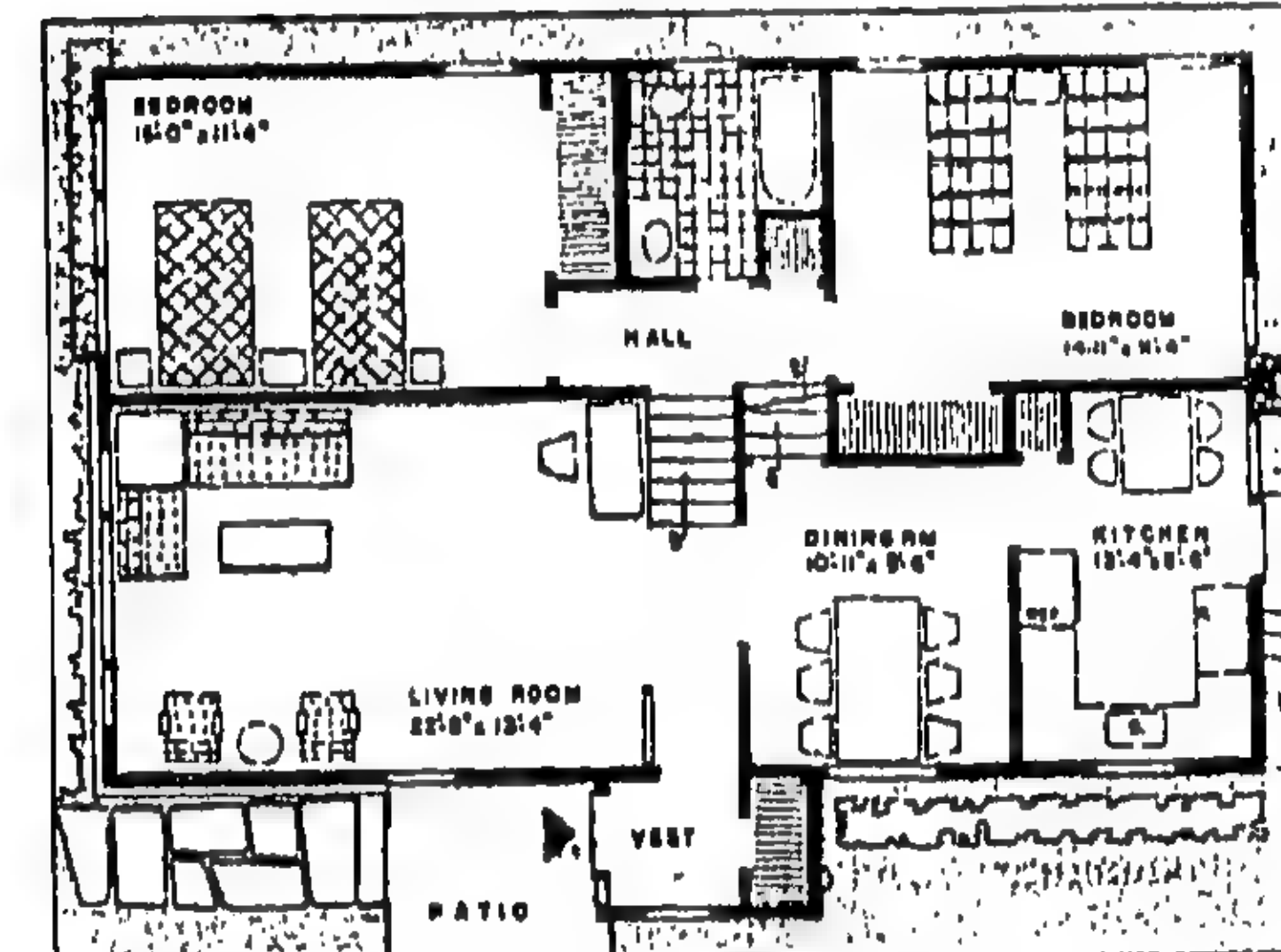
Half a flight up are two bedrooms and a bath. Another short flight leads to



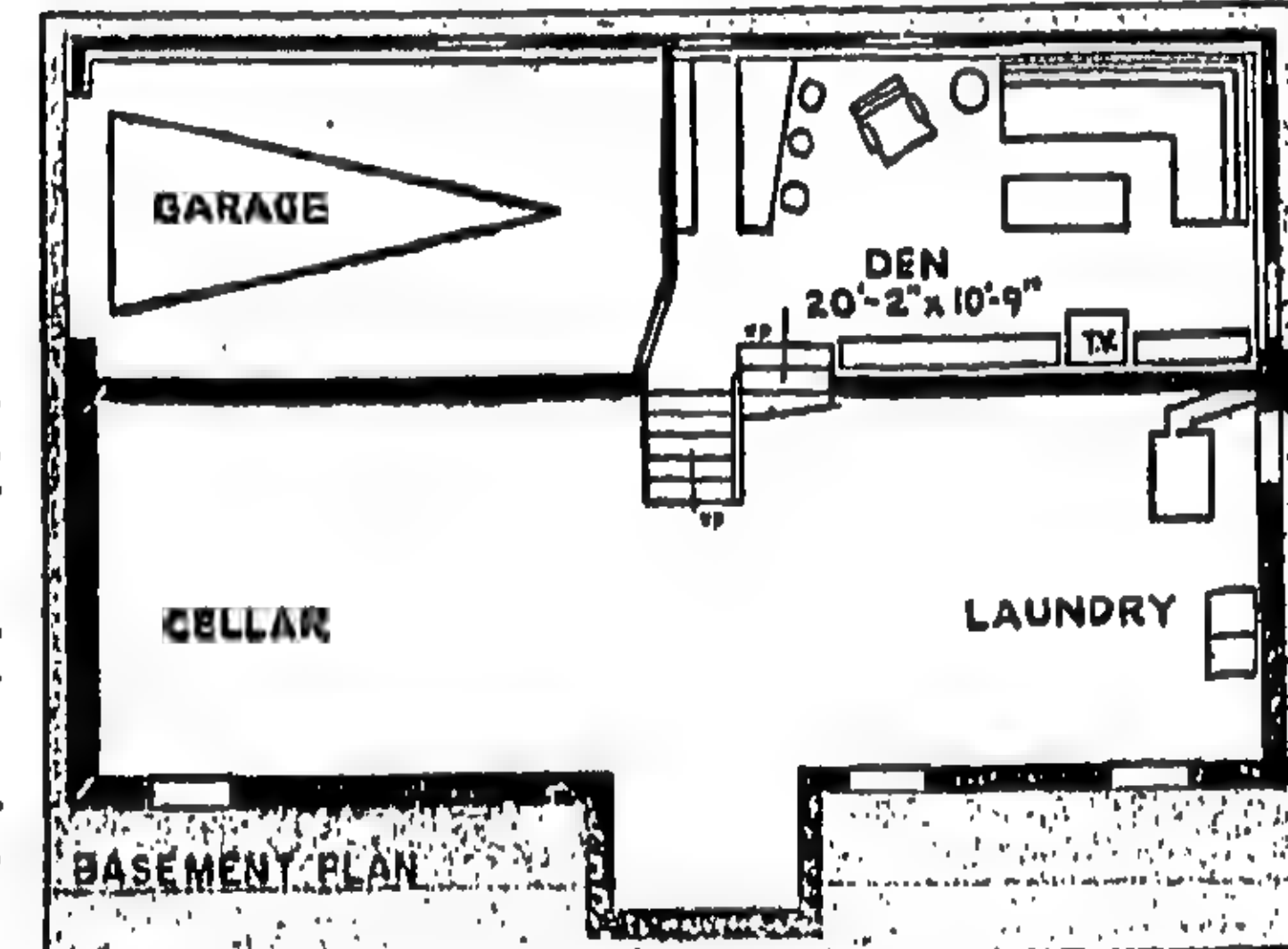
FOR SUNNY WEATHER, the spacious living room, which runs the depth of the Savoy, has a doorway outside to the flagstone terrace.



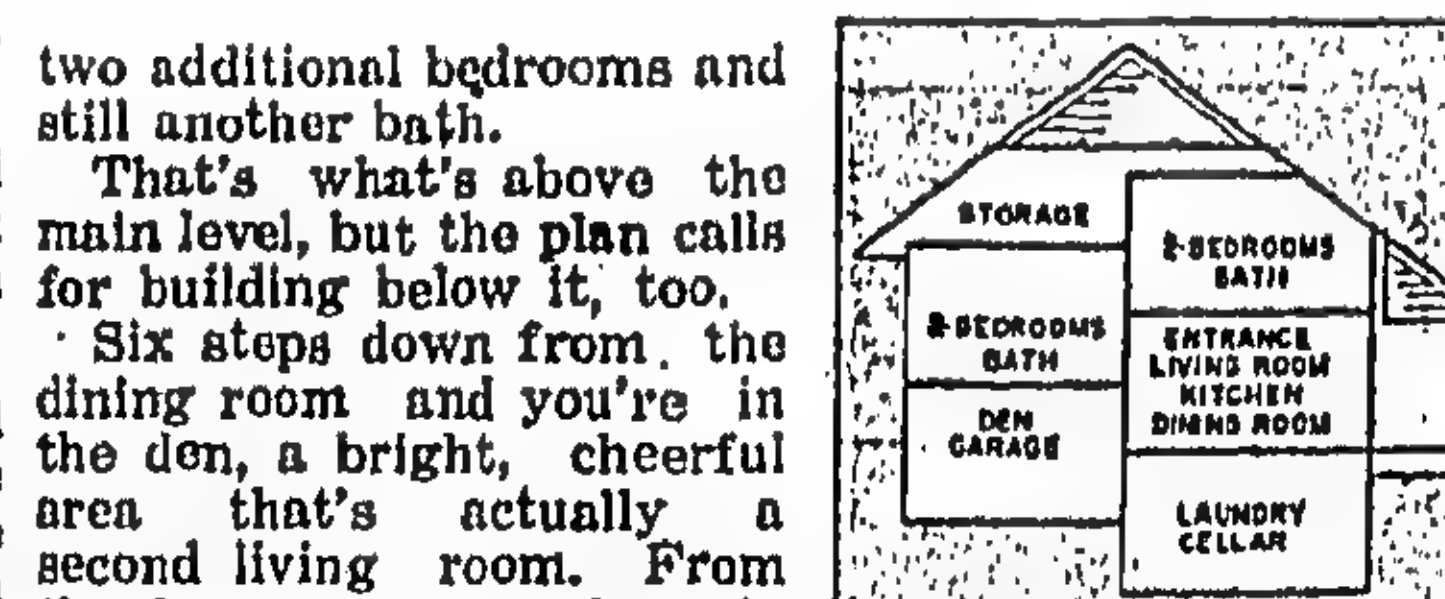
A SUN DECK is one of the desirable extras of the plan. It's accessible from a good-sized bedroom which might also be used for a study.



A LARGE LIVING ROOM, separate dining room and good-sized kitchen complete the first level of the Lexington. Half a flight up, are two bedrooms.



THE DEN, which is just six steps down from the dining room, is a cheery room, which could well serve as a second living room.



THIS SECTION diagram shows you exactly how the six levels of the Lexington plan are arranged.

EARLY TRAINING AT HOME
HELPS READING PROGRESS

WHETHER you know it or not, you help prepare your child to read from his early babyhood. He grows interested in words, and learns to talk from hearing you and other persons talk. He talks more and better as you respond appreciatively to his words.

When you sing lullabies, or say or read nursery rhymes to him, he gets practice unawares in phonics. As you answer his questions, he hears more words, and thus widens his interest.

There comes a time, before he goes to school, when he wants to know the names of signs like those in stores or on the street. He may even point to a word in the book from which you read to him, and want to know its name. In this way, he may grow rather familiar with some words and get ready to read without knowing it.

By answering his questions and reading to him you help him learn to listen attentively, thus developing concentration, which is very valuable preparation for his learning later at school to read.

As you take walks with him, and go to other places farther from home—in a car, bus, train, ship, aeroplane—he learns much more, and has more to talk about and think about.

If he goes with you to the store, shop, beach, what, bus or train station, airport or farm, the book from which you read to him, and want to know its name. In this way, he may and gains practice in hearing and using more words. The more familiar he will be with the meaning of the words he hears and sees in his first reading lessons at school.

Fortunately, this little child early manipulates objects, and takes pictures together with plans and purposes. He builds, constructs, invents. He may scribble with crayons or colour with them, drawing his own pictures for fun by and by. The more he does of this before entering school, the better he will go on creating after entering school, and, as you know, drawing pictures and making things for fun are big helpers and forerunners in learning to read.

—By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

Snacks Will Lessen
Your Taste Quotient

By Ida Bailey Allen

"WE hear much talk about good taste in dress, Madame, but comparatively little about good taste in foods," said the Chef. "What I mean is that subtle, discriminating reaction of the palate to fine flavour—what you might call a gourmet appreciation of the ultimate."

"Come, come, Chef! If you're going high hat, I'll do it, too. What you are referring to I call the T.Q. of foods—the taste quotient."

"Very good, Madame. But very few persons have a sufficiently discerning palate to gain a high taste rating." "Right you are. Scientific findings show there are only ten distinct tastes perceptible by the average person. And I believe I can give the reason, which is that the carry-over flavours in the mouth from tobacco, gum, candy, peanuts, coffee, onions, garlic, hamburger, cheese, smoked fish, and what you—all these interfere with normal taste reactions. Now none of these things are excellent foods, but they all have strong taste or flavour, and should be indulged in only at the proper time and place."

NOT BEFORE MEALS

"My own particular criticism, Madame, is against gum chewing or candy munching immediately before meals. 'Oh, yes, Monsieur le Chef, and what about smoking just before sitting down to a meal, or even during the meal?' 'That, Madame, in my opinion, is the positive abomination of the T.Q. of Foods!'"

DINNER

Grape Fruit
Blanquette of Veal
Whipped Potato
Tossed Green Salad
Pineapple Bread-and-Butter Pudding
Coffee Tea Milk
All Measurements Are Level
Refrigerator Service 4 to 5

Blanquette of Veal: Cut 2½ lb. shoulder or breast of veal into 8 serving portions. Place in a heavy saucepan. Add 1 tsp. each salt and monosodium glutamate. Pour in 4 c. boiling water and bring to boiling point.

Add 1 sliced peeled carrot, 1 sliced peeled onion, 2 whole cloves, 2 sprigs parsley and ½ bayleaf. Cover and simmer about 1½ hr., or until the veal is fork-tender.

Remove the meat and strain off the broth. There should be 1½ cups.

In a saucepan, melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine; stir in 2½ cups flour, when smooth, slowly stir in the broth drained off from the veal. Stir and cook until boiling.

Beat 1 egg yolk with a fork, add ¼ c. undiluted evaporated milk or commercially prepared cream. Stir into the sauce. Cook one and 1 min. Then add ½ tsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. nutmeg and 1 tsp. minced parsley.

Heap the veal onto a deep platter and pour over the sauce. Garnish with parsley.

Pineapple Bread-and-Butter Pudding: Butter 5 decrustless slices enriched bread; cut into 1" squares. Butter a qt. baking dish. Put in a layer of ½ the bread. Cover with ¼ c. drained crushed pineapple.

Proceed in this way until all the bread and 1 c. pineapple have been used.

Beat 2 eggs, and 3 tbsp. sugar and 2 c. milk. Pour over the bread mixture; let stand 30 min.

Place in a pan; surround with hot water; bake 45 min. in a moderate oven 350° F. or until firm. Serve hot or cold with cream, or a sauce made from the pineapple juice.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Oven-toast crusts cut from the bread to serve with soup.

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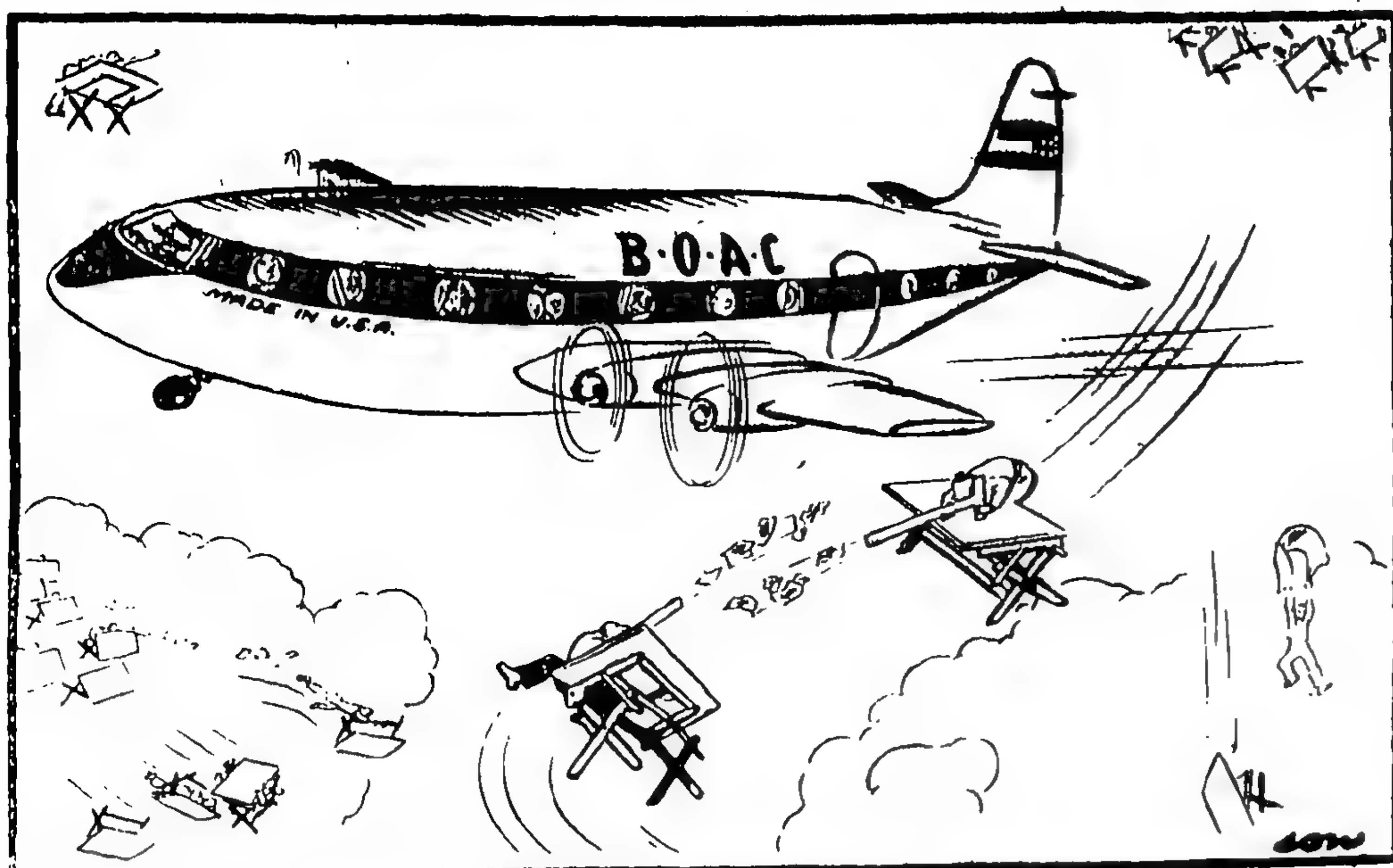
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BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

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BE MY GUEST, said DAVID LEWIN WHEN LADY DOCKER DINED WITH ARTHUR HORNER —and then came the big freeze

London. "Be my guest," I said to Lady Docker. "I'd like you to meet Arthur Horner—the Communist leader of the miners. I think your conversation should be pretty lively."

"So do I," said Lady Docker, accepting. "When I get going I say what I think."

"That's all right," I said. "Arthur Horner has the reputation of being able to look after himself."

So they both came to dinner. Sir Bernard Docker, that vigorous capitalist and director of 19 companies, came as well to hold his wife's hand. And to hold mine I invited a bright young film producer, Vivienne

Knight, who used to be a fashion designer and journalist.

We met for cocktails and dinner in a restaurant in Curzon Street, Mayfair. Lady Docker put down her dry martini when she was introduced to Arthur Horner and launched into the attack.

LADY D

"Why do you always strike—me at the wrong time?"

Horner ordered a gin and tonic and said: "The wrong time is the right time to strike. What is a bad time for you is probably the best time for us."

We settled in the corner of the bar. Lady Docker was swirling satin in two shades of

blue with a silver fox fur over her shoulders. Vivienne Knight was in a black cocktail dress. The two men were in sober dark suits.

Arthur Horner was saying: "I don't usually come to the West End at night. In fact, I don't spend much time in the West End at all. Today is different. I had a European Coal and Steel Federation meeting. Then a club in Park Lane, a look-in at a reception at the Dorchester."

"I don't care for the West End, though. I'd sooner get out to my home at Kenton."

Sir Bernard Docker sat next to Horner, and the two men went into a business discussion. There was talk of pounds—not by the hundred but by the million.

Caviar came served from a glass swan on a trolley. "Take that awful looking swan away," said Lady Docker. The swan went.

Cuff query

WE settled down to the meal. Lady Docker paused for a moment, looked at Arthur Horner and said: "Where are your cuffs?"

Arthur Horner grinned. "Always wear my shirt sleeves rolled up," he said. "I roll them up in my office and they stay that way. I just can't stand anything close round my wrists."

"Just like my brother-in-law," said Lady Docker. "He doesn't show his cuffs either."

Arthur started to explain to Vivienne Knight that he always found his shirt sleeves were too long anyway, when Lady Docker mentioned the word Communist and flared at him: "I know all about you. I've checked up on you."

She fingered the material of her gown. "It is satin and hand made and very expensive—and all for you."

Horner said: "I don't think I like you. But I get on with your husband much better. I can talk with Sir Bernard..." Lady Docker: "All right—we'll make it up when we dance. If you can dance, that is."

"There's no music," I said.

No words

THE dinner table talk split into two groups. It was hardly a meeting of the minds between Lady Docker and Arthur Horner.

To me Lady Docker talked about television. "They want me for commercial TV," she said. "But I couldn't work on a Sunday. I must rest on Sunday—I have such a heavy week. Answering letters and entertaining for my husband's business and talking on the phone."

"I don't mind publicity, because it is good for business. But I don't want to be like those other ladies on TV who do it just for the money... and the fame."

Lady Docker had no words for Arthur Horner. The two were silent, and at the other end of the table Sir Bernard was saying to Vivienne Knight: "You know, my dealings with these labour fellows, trade union leaders, are very amicable. I have no trouble at all. But I think Mr Horner may have come with a preconceived idea of my wife this evening. Norah is really a very gentle girl."

Miss Knight said: "Gentle, of course. So are labour leaders. But conversation doesn't seem to be a very living thing between them..."

High finance

HORNER said: "My union has pension funds which we invest at a good rate of interest. Something like £1,000,000 a month to invest. Some of it gets a 10 percent return. Some 2½ percent. Average is 5 percent."

"There is a man in my office who writes a cheque for millions one minute and a cheque for 1s. 6d. the next." Sir Bernard nodded in sympathy.

"Have you a man like that?" I asked.

"Not quite like that," said Sir Bernard. "Although our figures are pretty high too." (The capital of his master company, Birmingham Small Arms, is some £20,500,000.)

Lady Docker swung round to Arthur Horner again. "You're the man I'm supposed to be dealing with," she said. "Now why are you always striking and upsetting business?"

Horner broke off his talk of high finance and investment. "We're in business too," he said. "Our business is selling labour. Like any other business, we want to get the best price for it. So we get a good price for it when other people need it most."

I expect...

LADY DOCKER stood up, glaring at Horner and holding her fur in her hand. "Will somebody take care of this?" she said.

I reached for it and was forestalled by a waiter doing a four-minute-mile sprint from the other side of the room.

Lady Docker handed her fur to the man and said to Horner: "That's what I expect when I buy service."

Into the restaurant and waves to people we knew. Sir Michael Balcon and his wife at one table. Sir Hartley and Lady Shaver at another.

Walters started serving the drinks. Melon in champagne, specially prepared. White wine to drink. Lady Docker, sitting next to Arthur Horner, wanted another dry martini. It was brought.

"Then I want caviar," she said. "I always have caviar."

Sefton Delmer goes to Spain

—And reports what happens when bulldozers meet mañana

THE bootblack gave my shoes a final flick with his polishing cloth. Then he looked up at me with a shrewd, quizzing glance. "United Americano?" ("You American?") he inquired.

I could have hugged him like a long-lost brother. Exactly 18 years before in this same Puerta Del Sol square of Madrid, with the shells of Franco's siege guns falling only a couple of corners away from us, another Madrid bootblack had looked up at me with exactly the same gesture and asked: "United Ruso?" ("You Russian?")

In December 1936 every foreigner in Madrid was a Russian to the bootblacks of this Puerta Del Sol. Today, by the same simple peasant reasoning, they are all Americans.

Not that the thousand-old military and economic mission-aries from the U.S. have yet had anything like the revolutionising impact on Madrid which the well-hidden handful of Soviet staff officers, secret police experts, airmen, and political commissars had 18 years ago.

To be sure, apartment rents have rocketed up into the stratosphere. One newly arrived diplomat friend of mine is having to pay £1,400 a year for a quite modest apartment. Two years ago before the signing of the Spanish-American agreement, it could have been had for £400 a year.

But if we can believe the threats of the boldest among the Americans would-be reformers, and the gloomy forebodings of Spanish diehard traditionalists, really earthshaking changes are on the way.

No parties!

THE four-hour midday break, during which the Spaniards retire for a long lunch, a chat and/or a siesta, is to be done away with in favour of a hasty sandwich and a glass of milk Americano style in the office.

Dinner is to be served at seven in the evening instead of at 10 and 11 p.m. as now, so that an utterly un-Spanish early night can be made the next morning.

Midnight parties are to be cut out altogether.

I for one, however, shall not be astonished if it is the American go-getters who are conquered by the "let's do it tomorrow" mind of the land of mañana instead of the other way round.

The bulldozers for instance, are still promising to finish the staircases "some day soon" in the wing of the big new Air Ministry building, in which the emissaries of the Pentagon and their Spanish assistants are housed in Madrid.

No hurry...

I DROVE out to Torrijos, one of the two American air bases which are to be usable for emergency duties in 18 months' time. Theoretically work is already busily in progress here.

Certainly I could see a lot of bulldozers, cranes, and other useful-looking gear lined up. No one, however, was making the slightest move to use them. To my admittedly inexperienced eyes it looked as though the 13,400ft. concrete runway, the radar installations, the barracks, the hangars, are still many, many mannanas away.

But take cheer. When they are finished they will make the new American base here fit to accommodate an establishment two or three times as large as the existing one.

Torrijos, I was told, is several months ahead of the other American air base already in process of construction—theoretically—at Zaragoza.

"Waah!" drawled an American indulgently when I asked about this apparent inactivity. "I guess the boys have got to the approach roads built to the new field first, so that they can bring up the material."

See what I mean?

No houses

I FEAR the Americans are going to have lots of trouble too with the local population.

Mind you, that's where it is useful having a dictator-run Police State as your landlord. General Franco can be trusted to stop anyone from becoming ostentatious.

Down at Rota, the primitive little whitewashed fishing port opposite Cadiz, I found what are called mixed feelings about its having been chosen as the site for the new American naval supply port, naval air base, and starting-point for the 600-mile pipeline which is to carry oil fuel to all the new airfields and bases up and down Spain.

"It is going to transform the town," said the little black-coated, shallow-faced secretary of the Rota municipality. He was ecstatic. "We shall become a great industrial centre."

But down in the fishermen's cove they were less enthusiastic. "No fewer than 400 families" (the figure was confirmed to me by the little secretary later) "are being turned out of their

homes." Their houses have to be torn down to make room for the new stuff that is going up.

"They say we are going to have new houses in the interior. But where are they? Where are they to come from?"

A justifiable question in view of the extreme scarcity of houses in Spain.

But I don't think the people of Rota need be as apprehensive as they are that all this is going to take place in the immediate future.

Captain Harris of the U.S. Navy and his fellow experts have only just sent their plans for the base to be approved. The contracts for the work—British engineers, I am told, may be given some of it—have yet to be awarded. So, frankly, I don't see how they can possibly get started by March, as planned.

One thing, though, has been begun. That is the widening of the great strategic highway from Cadiz to Seville and up to Madrid. As I drove along it I found working parties everywhere hard at it.

No crushers

HARD AT it, though, in the section I drove over, with picks, shovels, and the old traditional rear of the Spanish road-menders. Not the stone crushers and bulldozers one expects to see on an American high-speed project. "They have been ordered and are on their way, 3,000,000 dollars' worth," I was told in Madrid.

But I must not overdo this criticism of our bustling Allies for being a bit behind schedule. And perhaps a bit ahead of what's practicable. This is a super-colossal task they have taken on here. What they are trying to do is nothing less than to convert Spain in two or three years from a delightfully 18th century peasant State into one of those dreamy, bustling, modern industrial machines.

What is more, a machine capable of serving as the Mediterranean theatre's No. 1 military bastion and staging-point in the event of Germany and France and Turkey and the Middle East being overrun in a Soviet hot-war offensive.

What they have achieved already merely in planning the allocation of funds and contracts is to me immensely impressive.

And all the time at this stage of the planning the accent most realistically is on the southern half of Spain—an interesting evidence of Pentagon estimates that Germany and France might be overrun at the beginning of a war and this would be the best base left.

U.S. instructors are hard at work training the army and air force in the "use of modern tanks (M4s and M48s) and the new jet aircraft and all the

THE G.I. CAUDILLO

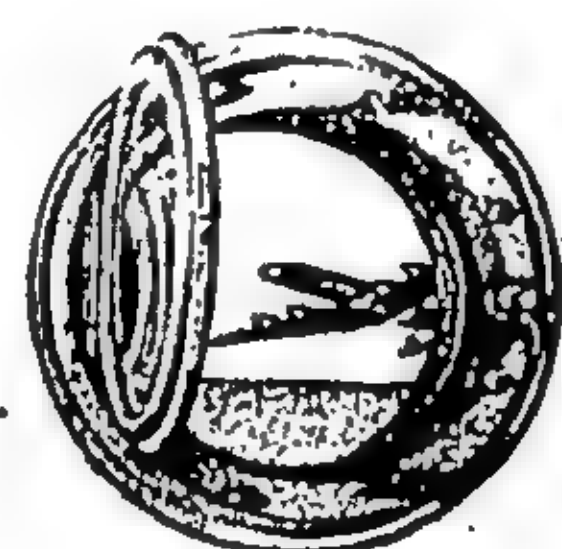
(... This G.I. ain't slimming)

by Cummings

other equipment which is being supplied by America to Spain. Yes, I have only one real misgiving about all this. That is that the British naval, military, and air force authorities in Gibraltar, who have a considerable interest in what is being planned for Spain, have not been put in the picture.

Does this stem from American anxiety not to tread on the over-sensitive toes of Franco?

Are they doing enough to exercise their own influence over this new recruit and make him fit politically into the Atlantic Club? If they don't, these bases and railroads are going to be pretty expensive.



That's the kind of service the British Government wanted. They wanted a watch that could stand the steaming heat of tropical jungles... the freezing cold of arctic storms... the gritty dust of desert winds.

They wanted a super watch!

Omega made it.

Impartial scientific tests prove that the Omega was—and is—all the British Government demanded. That is why the British Government has selected Omega as Official Suppliers to the Navy, Army and Air Force.

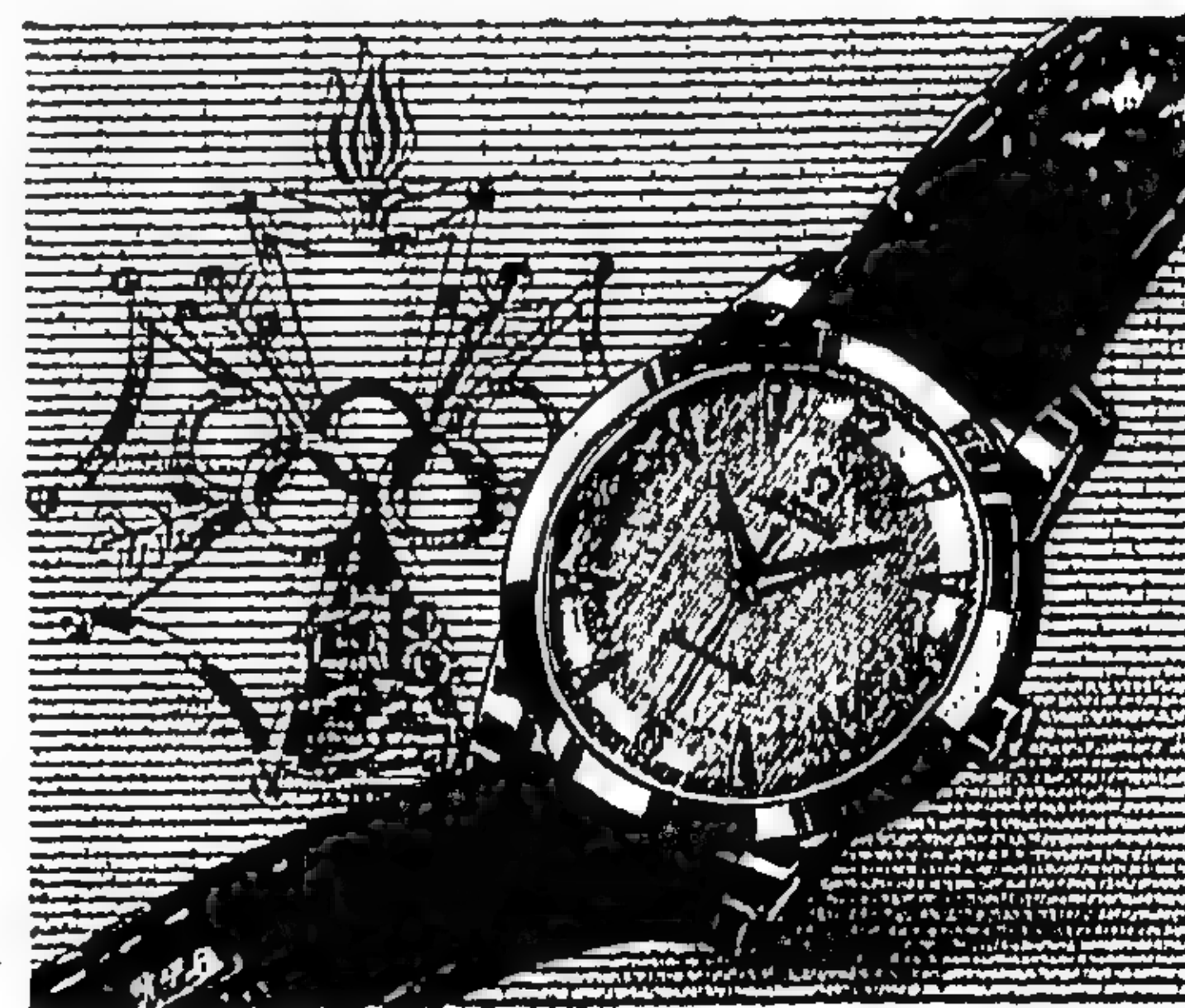
Self-winding, waterproof, dustproof, anti-magnetic, shock-proofed.

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Reliability...
...that's rugged for your roughest, toughest days



Olympic Games. For 20 years Official Olympic Time-keepers, Omega will time the Olympics again in Melbourne in 1956.



NANCY SPAIN looks over the new books, and raises A CHEER FOR ECCENTRICS

I LOVE eccentrics, don't you? . . . And that is why, I think, I have no much enjoyed Helen Worden Erskine's Collection of Hermits and Reducers: OUT OF THIS WORLD (Hodley Head, 15s.).

Helen Erskine has made a study of hermits.

Wherever she sees a house with drawn blinds, barred doors, backyards littered with rubble, and holes where doorbells should be, she says: "I know a hermit is apt to prowl within."

She it was who "discovered" the Collyer brothers. You remember them? The two strange, wealthy old men who allowed their house to decay round them, who filled it with newspapers, grand pianos, and booty traps, who repelled income tax collectors and gas meter readers?

They were eventually both found dead among the ruins of their strange life. And a talented novelist, Marcia Davenport, fabricated a fine piece of fiction around them. But Mrs Erskine knows the truth.

The truth is that the father of the Collyer boys was a doctor Herman C. Collyer, who eventually married his first cousin Susie Gage. He separated from her and left her to bring up the boys.

Susie was talented, "long-limbed, with flashing black eyes and a cloud of blue-black hair." When her husband left, her she made all decisions for the family, when she died the boys were hopelessly out of touch with reality.

complete social ostracism. This made their mother unusually possessive. This, in turn, unbalanced the boys emotionally.

So when mum died they found themselves floundering in a world where they had never made any friends, did not know what a cheque was, and certainly never answered the front door bell.

And apart from their lack of personal daintiness I must say I rather agree with Mrs Erskine. There is something to be said for hermits.

Evil ignorance

OWING to my inbred feminine prejudice against the word Russia, I very nearly missed reading Rene MacColl's excellent JUST BACK FROM RUSSIA—77 DAYS INSIDE THE SOVIET UNION (Daily Express publication, 10s. 6d.).

Alas, the Russian opinion of us and our behaviour in the late war is still conditioned by posters showing "silly, ungrateful John Bull, reptilian Uncle Sam, and a cowardly, frightened France."

But aren't we just as bad about Russia? Aren't we equally in danger of the power of evil ignorance?

That is why MacColl's book is so important. His account of the other side of the Curtain is warm, readable, friendly.

He shows the Russians as they really are: human beings struggling with things like bringing up their children, buying a new winter overcoat, what shall we have for dinner? and what will win the 230? (Oddly enough there are race meetings in Russia.)

In fact only one thing dismays me about Russia. According to MacColl, that is his description of Russian women.

They have severe faces. Their eyes are hard, their mouths set, "I would as soon," says MacColl, "think of trying to kiss a thistle."

They gay old times

THE Victorian Age bred eccentrics too. Mr MacColl's Uncle John is a beauty. You will find him in

BACK NUMBERS (Hutchinson, 21s.), a wistful exercise in autobiography that looks back to the gay old times.

Mr Pope's Uncle John was terribly particular about his linen. No local laundry would do for his shirts, so every week they went up to a City laundry in the train with Uncle John.

One day, in the rush hour, the bag burst open. Shirts, collars, waistcoats entwined themselves round the legs of hurrying City Gents. Uncle John walked on, head in air. Jolly good luck to him.

Jolly good luck to the Victorians days when a mere pillbox was a lover's meeting place stuffed to the brim with picture postcards of Vesta Tilley and Gertrude Miller.

Nowadays, says Mr Pope, with tolerant and they are far more likely to be full of football pool entries.

Bright . . . sinister

AND then I was faced with a couple of "funnies" . . . Ah, reader dear, have you ever heard of Mr Charles Addams? He is a master of the macabre, who draws superbly horrible cartoons for the New Yorker magazine.

Well, he has added a bright, new, sinister volume to my collection of his works, HOME BODIES (Hamish Hamilton, 10s.), which contains, among other goodies, a picture of a respectable lady with two heads, sitting calmly in a cinema. Behind her a little man is dodging. "Everything happens to me," he says.

Be careful, reader, when you read this book. Even if it is not midnight or the full moon I will guarantee it will stir up your temperature three points.

Advice that cures

NEVER SAY DIET, by Corey Ford (W. H. Allen, 6s.) is for all those maniacs who make you dine off a dandelion leaf and eat orange skin.

"All you have to do is to avoid certain things which are fattening," such as food," says Mr Ford.

And curiously enough this strange advice has completely cured me.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

DOGIE There is a new Hollywood dude ranch which features, for 10s. a day, a swimming pool, meals, private patio and rooms. The clients dogs.

This kennel ranch, known as Double-E, also has a cement square where celebrated dogs leave their footprints.

A sign by the swimming pool warns: Not to be contaminated by humans.

Dog owners who may worry about their holidaying pets are sent letters informing them that their dogs are "having a wonderful time."

The letters are written by Mrs Edith Kienast, who, with her retired contractor husband, runs the ranch.

Today the ranch has private "rooms" in low, wooden stalls bordered by rose gardens for 50 dogs.

Besides a room with a covered bed, each dog has his own patio covered with striped awning, and 40ft. exercise pen.

There has been a decrease of Vitamin A and C in America's daily foods since 1945—says the Department's report. Last year the depression level of 1932 was reached.

These deficiencies were attributed to the fact that Americans are eating fewer fresh vegetables, especially from home gardens.

Calcium, the bone and tooth-building chemical, is also diminishing noticeably in American diets, partly because less milk is being drunk.

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So the mayor ruled: "The special type dummies will be hired from the borough council at a cost of 18s. franc."

"They will be placed outside your house on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings with the handle pointing towards the road. Rubbish in other containers will not be collected."

All this made the people of Ganshoren pretty wild.

"Dictator!" cried Socialist and Liberal members in Ganshoren's Catholic-dominated borough council.

And they even quoted the United Nations Bill of Human Rights and said: "It is obvious that any man in a free community has the right to use the sort of dustbin he chooses."

RESTING A book written in 1230 to advise men how to resist women's arts of deception has been stolen. Scotland Yard has been asked to look for it.

The book, "Roman de la Rose" was stolen from the States of Jersey public libraries at St. Helier.

With it vanished a 14th-century Bible. Together they are worth £750.

Police said the thief must have hidden himself in the library one night before it closed.

The manuscripts, the only two held by the library, were locked in a wooden case on the upper gallery. This lock was forced and the thief let himself out of the building by forcing the sash of the lock out of the main door.

"Roman de la Rose" was written in Norman French by Guillaume de Lorris, a clerk, and Jean de Meun. De Lorris started it as a love philosophy of the troubadours, and de Meun added a satire exposing the vices of women.

It was presented to the library in 1894. Written on vellum with gilt miniatures, it is bound in brown calf.

"FIND ME A WIFE" An airmail letter addressed to the Mayor of Ay, Provost Adam, asks for assistance in selecting a Scottish wife for a man in Southwest Africa.

The writer says he is 54, six-foot two inches in height, slim, very fit and with grey hair. He was pilot officer during the war and was at Pretoria during the war where he turned a good impression of the lovely girls in the Ay district. He still flies his own aeroplane.

According to his letter he is "a pure European." The girl must be not more than 45 years of age, tall and slim, and able to drive a car. She can be either rich or poor.

ESCAPE Dante Spida does not like being in gaol—so he escaped. But the police insist that Dante, a 31-year-old acrobat thief, serve his full nine-year sentence.

Dante, nicknamed the "Taizan of the French Riviera," has escaped four times already. And each time he has been recaptured.

Last time he escaped he hurt his right foot, so the other guy Dante was taken to a Naples clinic to have an operation on it.

Police thought he was in such bad shape that they did not bother to guard him.

So he escaped—on crutches. But the police are not worried. Dante, they reckon, can't get far.

STRANGE When Charles Swart, 6ft. 6in. Justice Minister and police boss of South Africa, got to London last week, the first place he visited was "Speaker's Corner" in Hyde Park.

For the man who has made it an offence to campaign against South Africa's race laws, it was a strange kind of gesture to make a nostalgic visit to a place where speech is free for everyone.

Here, 30 years ago, Swart mounted a soap box himself in democratic debate. Swart was listening to a speaker attacking South Africa. The speaker offered Swart his box and the tall young man got up and defended his country.

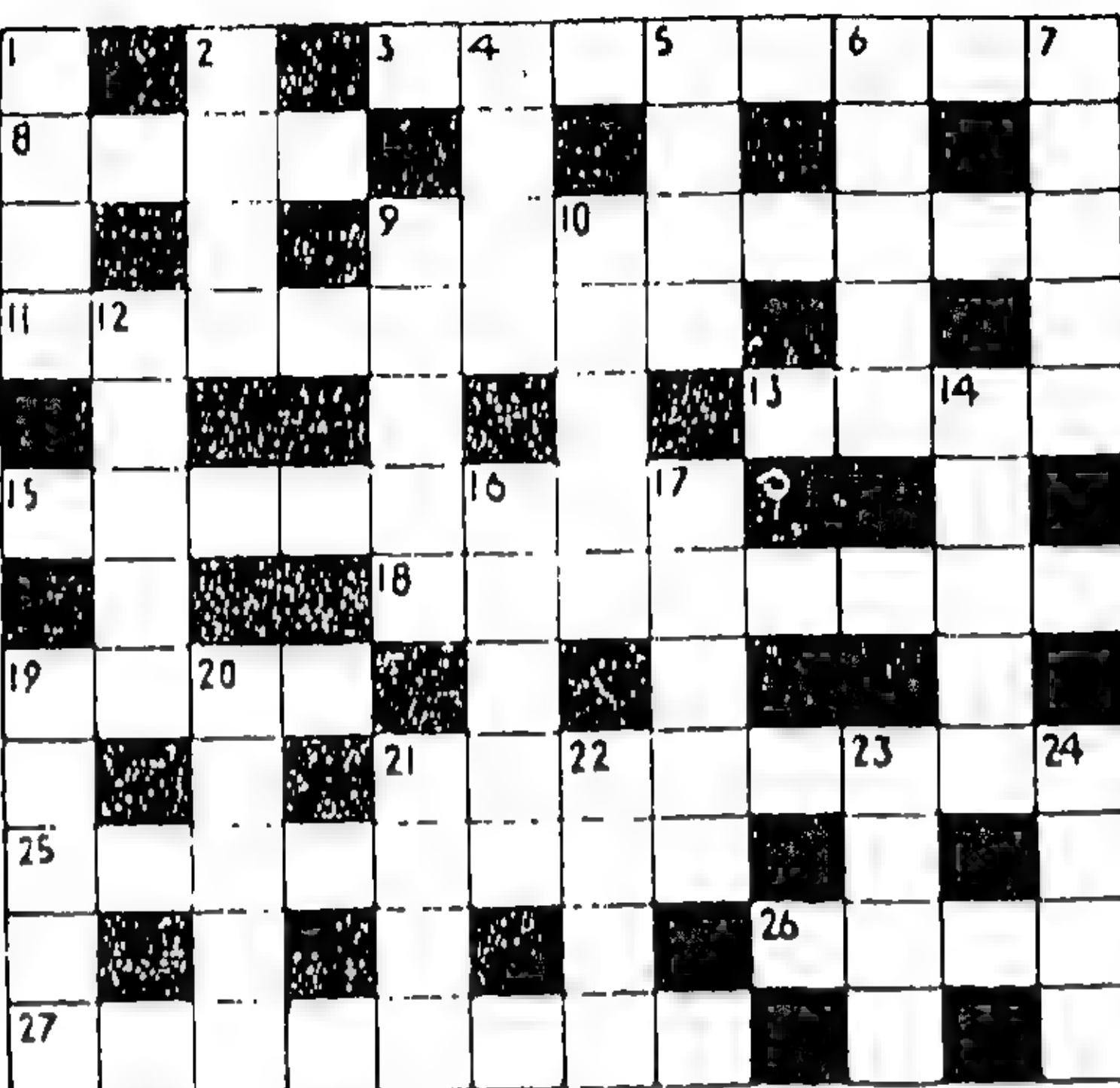
But last week, in the chilly winter evening when 60-year-old Swart and his wife took a stroll through the park, Speaker's Corner was deserted.

And on this visit to attend the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, Swart was having much less to say. All the press got was a typewritten statement.

BABY-SITTERS First baby-sitting company in Britain has been launched by a Yorkshire woman. She is Mrs Winifred Bullock of Middlesbrough, who has become managing director. Mrs Bullock is 28, and the mother of three young children.

She and 100 other women have been training in baby-sitting service for 12 months. They are now going to take on the job of baby-sitting in Middlesbrough and from surrounding towns.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 Introductions (3)
- 2 Staff (4)
- 3 Aligned (8)
- 4 Herdman (6)
- 5 Cow shed (4)
- 6 Robert (6)
- 7 Fights (6)
- 8 Arrest (4)
- 9 Go-between (6)
- 10 Got ready (6)
- 11 Regrets (4)
- 12 Pose (6)

- 1 Performs (4)
- 2 Uninteresting (4)
- 3 Ceremony (4)
- 4 Cooking fat (4)
- 5 Trifle (5)
- 6 Move emb-fash-ion (5)
- 7 Acute (5)
- 8 Debate (5)
- 9 Lift (5)
- 10 Cattle round-up (5)
- 11 Command (5)
- 12 Sedate (5)
- 13 Brown pigment (5)
- 14 Pub (5)
- 15 Market (4)
- 16 Exploit (4)
- 17 Accurate (4)
- 18 Grate (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Mince, 4 Drugs, 7 Debonair, 8 Reign, 9 Science, 11 Language, 13 Dismays, 15 Spread, 18 Crown, 19 Goshawk, 20 Rider, 21 Sister, Down: 1 Moxie, 2 Crown, 3 Slightly, 4 Bull on, 5 Allude, 6 Sinner, 10 Answered, 12 Artists, 13 Doctor, 14 Armour, 16 Hells, 17 Dream.

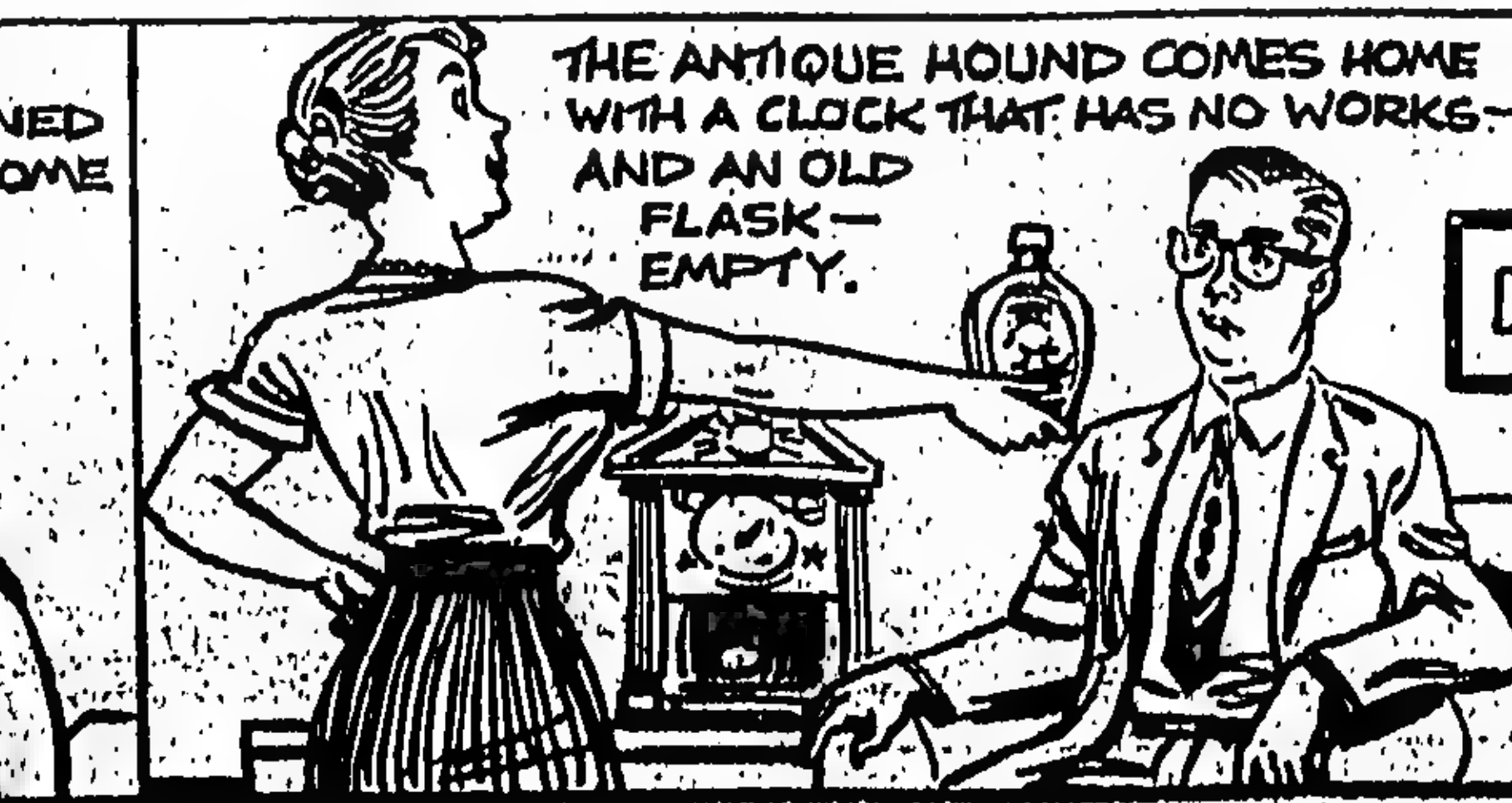
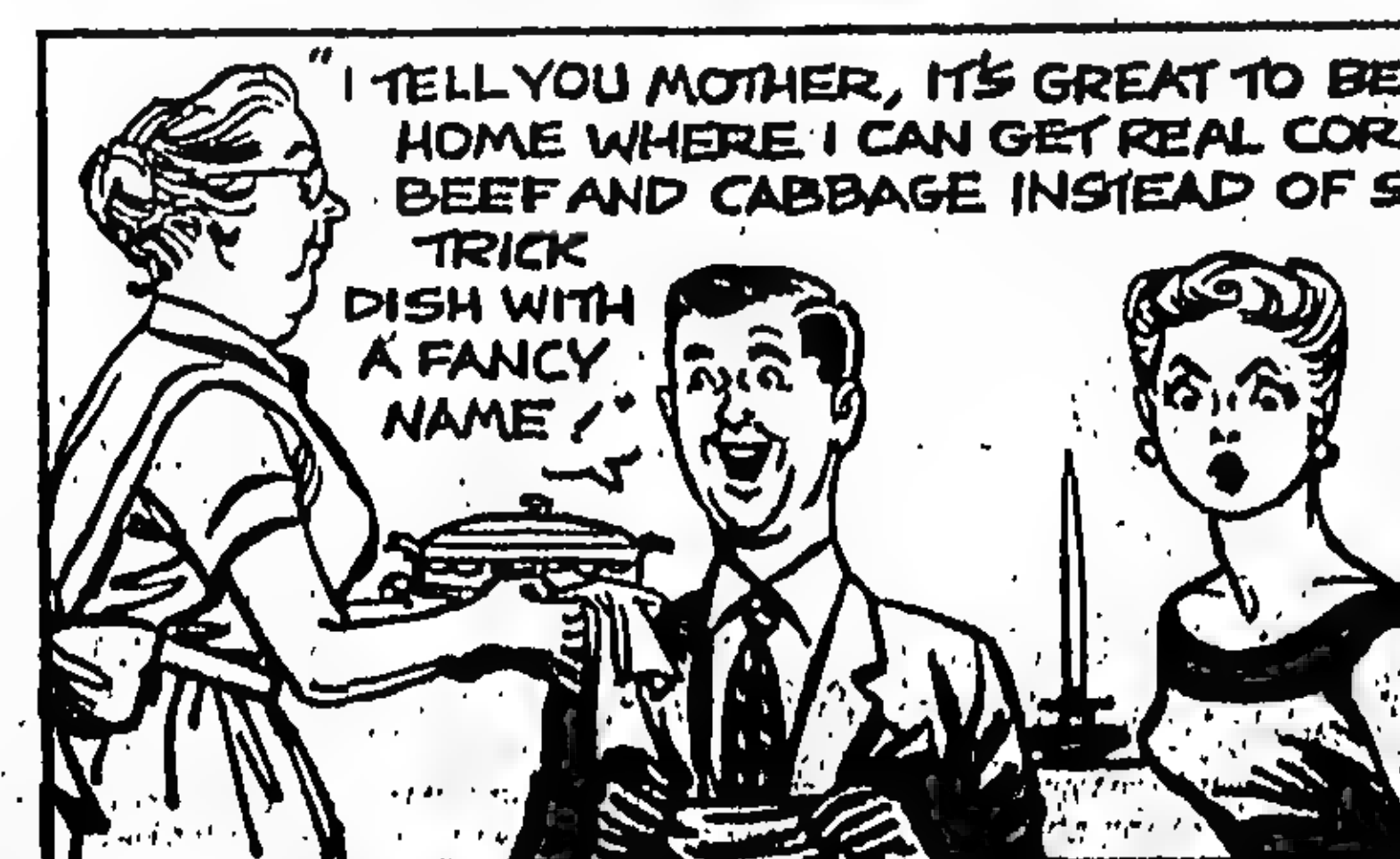
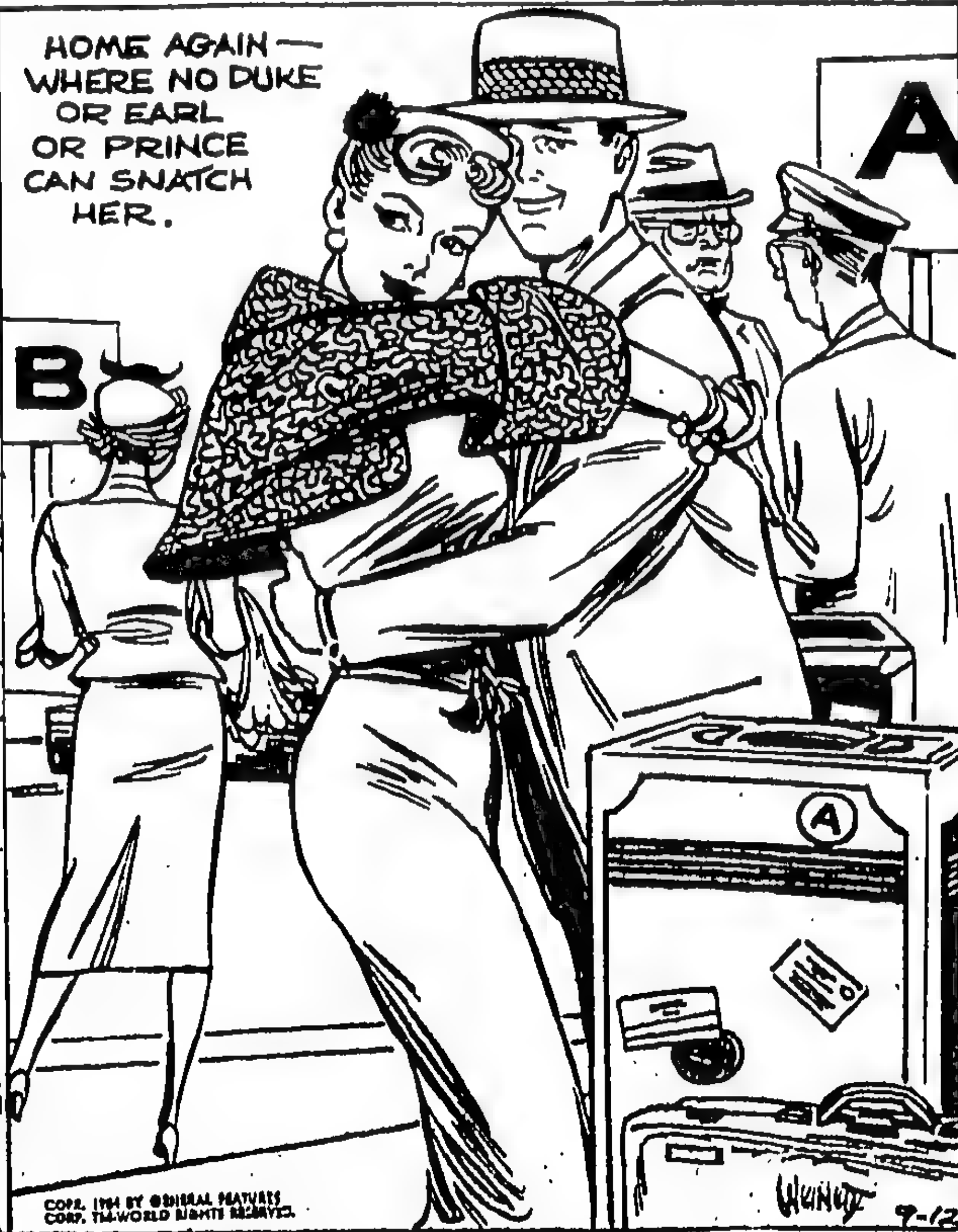
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Back Home Again

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE BIRDS OF PREY GATHER AROUND.



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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

GRASSHOPPER TECHNIQUE AND TACTICS ARE WORTHY OF SERIOUS STUDY

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

After each series of games against an overseas visiting team it seems to me that all of us who are interested in the game should take time out to ask ourselves a double question. "Did we learn anything from the games played... did the visitors have anything new to show us?"

Such questions asked immediately after the Koge or Aik series would surely have been answered with a confident "No" but I believe that real students of the game will agree that the visit of the Grasshoppers has been a most enlightening one.

The Swiss players showed a quite clearly that the game can be played successfully according to a tactical plan vastly different from the one that is generally employed here, or for that matter in the United Kingdom.

The "unorthodox" defensive system with the resting centre-half was certainly attractive to watch but it is a system that requires great thought, considerable concentration and intelligent interpretation.

The sweeping cover of the full-backs and wing-halves has to be almost instinctive but, above all, the plan demands a footballing centre-half as opposed to a stopper of the Kogi-Frank type.

From the Grasshopper point of view, the defence was undoubtedly a brilliant footballer. His defence when he was in the defensive half was safe and reliable but never destructive, and when he went up into the attack he could distribute the ball with accuracy but like so many of his team-mates his finishing was terribly weak.

This part of the playing plan alone would have made the Grasshoppers serious worthwhile, but the Swiss carried it one move further by employing the deep centre-forward.

With the centre-half going up, and the centre-forward being absolute confusion but, so well conceived was the Swiss team plan, in fact it was not unusual to see Roger Vollenhant operating away behind centre-half Fred.

NEVER SHORT

The proof of the proverbial pudding was in the eating and it has to be conceded that the Grasshoppers were never short of a man in defence, or in attack. Their clever methods set a problem that even experienced players like Yiu Cheuk-yin and Szeo Mun were never able to solve.

This was particularly noticeable in the first game when Yiu Cheuk-yin persisted in running right into a defender. A defender who was always in what, according to our normal play and reckoning, should have been an open space.

Well played, Grasshoppers... I believe that a most significant tribute was paid to you in the Hongkong Football Club after the second game.

A well-known local personality overheard comments about the number of technical fouls awarded against you, remarked "...maybe so, but in not one instance was there a trace

of malice in the offence, and a player could play against the Grasshoppers for a long time without getting badly injured. The body check, the push, the tug at the shirt, they were all there, but the vicious kick and the dangerous trip, so often seen in local football, were absent."

IN RETROSPECT

I hear that the Chairman of the Hongkong Football Association has extended an invitation to me to attend the next meeting of his Committee. I believe that the invitation has received some publicity in another section of the press.

It seems that the gentleman concerned is displeased with the fact that I published a letter from a reader who had a job of view to express about the nomination of a team manager for the All-Hongkong side to play the Grasshoppers.

Now just as the Chairman of the Interport Committee was able to get his views and instructions published in the press, so, by the same token, did a reader of this paper, and I would like to add that the letter published was not the only one expressing the same point of view... and incidentally it came from one who is held in high esteem in local sports circles.

However, I am most interested in the "invitation" aspect of the matter... and I am going to accept it... but not quite as it was made... I am going to accept it in its proper context... in fact, it is the meeting at which the teams and the officials for the Grasshoppers were selected.

Had I been doing the routine job of a reporter I might have reported the proceedings of the meeting something like this:—

"and then the meeting got down to the job of nominating a team manager for the All-Hongkong XI."

It was proposed by Mr. 'X' that Mr. 'A' be nominated Team Manager... as far as I could see and hear there was no second for this nomination...

Mr. 'Y' then proposed that Mr. 'B' should be team manager... This was seconded by Mr. 'Z'. There were no other nominations.

ENLIGHTENING

Now as I understand the ethics of communism the matter should have ended there. But it didn't. Mr. 'A'—still without a second—saw fit to address the meeting to the effect that HE would LIKE to be team manager and, after a discussion, Mr. 'B' stepped down from the job... although it is known in well-informed circles that he had been very keen to have the appointment of team manager for this particular game.

The Committee then moved on to the nomination of a manager for the Colony second string, the Hongkong Selection. Mr. 'A' did Mr. 'B' the doubtful compliment of proposing him for the job... and not unexpectedly Mr. 'D' declined.

Well, that is how my report might have read... it would certainly have made enlightening reading. However the issue has been dragged beyond the scope of Fair's Fair's letter which merely expressed a personal opinion that an all Chinese All-Hongkong team at Chinese New Year should have had a Chinese manager.

It might interest the Chairman of the Interport Committee to know that the sentiment expressed in the original letter has now been openly reiterated many times over by many people... including many members of the Hongkong Football Association... and even of the Interport Committee.

WEEK-END GAMES

With the departure of the Grasshoppers the local sides get back again to the serious business of gathering League points or advancing in the Shield Competitions. There is a big programme of games this week-end and the fans will be able to choose from several attractive fixtures. Here is the full list:—

TODAY

Senior Shield (2nd Round Re-play)
St. Joseph's v. Army at Club Stadium, 3.45 p.m.

First Division

Police v. South China at Boundary Street, 4 p.m.
Club v. Navy at Causeway Bay, 4 p.m.
KMB v. RAF at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.

TOMORROW

Kwong Wah v. Eastern at Club Stadium, 4 p.m.

Kitchener v. Sing Tao at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.

With two of the games this afternoon taking place at grounds where crowds are not permitted main spectator interest will be centred on the Senior Shield game between St. Joseph's and the Army at Club Stadium and the KMB-RAF clash at Caroline Hill.

The outcome of the Saints-Soldiers meeting is as uncertain now as when the game was first played. Both sides have had positional changes and it may well be that this game will eventually go to the side that gets the vital opening goal.

After their first win over St. Joseph's the Royal Air Force will tackle KMB with plenty of confidence. The airman have displayed a lot of good form recently and the players have shown that they are willing to fight back when things are not going too well.

The Busesmen, on the other hand, must win if they are to keep their comfortable place in the title race and it may be that their greater forward punch will swing the game in their favour.

This, however, could be the major upset of the season, for the KMB team has been generously represented in the Grasshopper series.

The South China players should be able to give of their best on the Police's excellent playing pitch at Boundary Street, as long as Moss and Al-Chi-yin are active against them the game is anything but a foregone conclusion.

Club, who may have Ken Forrow back in the side, should add a couple of points to their total when they meet the bottom dogs, Royal Navy at Causeway Bay... but they will also have an interest in the Senior Shield game that is going on at their own ground for they meet this winners in the semi-final.

Tomorrow's meeting of Kwong Wah and Eastern may well end in a draw, but Sing Tao, with their fast virile youngsters, are just the sort of team that could upset Kitchener's ambitions of finishing as League Champions... in fact this could be quite a game.

HAIR-RAISING



Hazel Ryan, 14, of Epsom, shown at practice at the Wimbledon Club in London for the All-England junior badminton championships.—Central Press Photo.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Pandas Meet U.S. Navy In Tomorrow's Main Attraction

A fully scheduled week-end is awaiting softball lovers. The main attraction of the week will be the hard-hitting Pandas' clash with a new U.S. Navy team and the main additional interest will be the fighting Warriors challenging the strong Chinese Athletics on Sunday in the Senior "A" League competition. The only Senior "B" Division game will see the Pandas Bees tangling with the Americans for the third and last time.

In the Junior loop, unbeaten Blackhawks Jr. will meet the tough P. I. Dodgers and hardy Comets will battle the sturdy Pandas Jr. The young CAA team and South China will compete with Seventeeners and Lynxes respectively.

In the feminine tournaments, Wahoes Aces and Bees and South China Ladies will cross bats with Pandarettes, Coleeas Bees and CAA Ladies.

Pandas Aces are now in a hot Pennant race with St. Joseph's but they have a long and hard way and many stumbling blocks ahead of them. Aside from this unknown foe, USS Lenawee, playing tomorrow, they still have to battle the mighty Saints, hard-hitting Braves and the sturdy Chinese Athletics, while their rivals the Bees are younger, the Americans with a faster pitcher, James Herick, with better experience and steadier slugging quality, should be able to win this game.

Junior League P. I. Dodgers must fight hard to qualify for the final play-off. The young Pandas is the only rough spot to be ironed out. Though Pandas Bees are younger, the Americans with a faster pitcher, James Herick, with better experience and steadier slugging quality, should be able to win this game.

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Blackhawk Bees are a heavy-slugging bunch. They are favoured to beat the younger and less experienced Dodgers. Comets, CAA Jr., and Lynxes will overrun their opponents, Pandas Jr., Seventeeners and South China Jr.

The ladies' games will be all one-way affairs. Wahoes Aces and Bees, and South China Ladies will find the Pandarettes, Coleeas Bees and CAA Ladies easy victims.

Terry Noronha, Ace hurler of Wahoes 'A', who pitched to win six consecutive Senior Ladies' League Championships for her team since 1947 and twice the Most Valuable Player award winner, and her teammate, Doreen Ozorio, will leave this Colony in February. Tomorrow's game will be their last appearance on the field. We regret to find them leaving

graduates. However, they seemed to come to life again last week when they defeated the twice-edged Overseas by a comfortable margin. They might hand the Americans an upset if the latter don't turn out at full strength.

Americans are also in hot race for the Senior "B" Division title with the Blackhawks Aces. With the last crucial game against the latter postponed to a later date, this match versus the young Pandas is the only rough spot to be ironed out. Though Pandas Bees are younger, the Americans with a faster pitcher, James Herick, with better experience and steadier slugging quality, should be able to win this game.

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LEAGUE CRICKET

Army North Face The Unpredictable Scorpions At Sookunpoo Today

By "GOOGLY"

Army North, last week's conquerors of League leaders Army South and challenging strongly for top spot in the First Division Cricket table, face the unpredictable Hongkong Cricket Club Scorpions at Sookunpoo today in one of the main games of the week-end. Army South clash with the other Cricket Club XI, the Optimists, at Chater Road.

The Army North-Scorpions game is almost certain to be a battle of the bowlers. The North have on recent occasions been extremely well served by their pacemen, Young and Lipscombe, who last week routed Army South, recognised as one of the most powerful batting sides in the League.

Scorpions have also been well supported by their two opening bowlers, Spink and Pritchard, and should either of these two seam bowlers strike a patch, then Army North are going to have to fight all the way for runs.

Much will depend on Russell and Howard-Dobson to get their bats going to give the soldiers a good start as the batsmen from Chater Road are also capable of mustering a big score. This game should be very even and a narrow victory for the home side is very likely.

Army South will be out to redeem themselves from the setback they received from their clubmates last week. The soldiers cannot afford to drop any more points if they are going to retain their League standing.

Optimists will depend much on their attacking strength in Spink, Pritchard and Hubble to prevent the soldiers from amassing a huge score. But I still fancy the soldiers for a win.

RAF will be at home to Police and should not take things too lightly as the guardians of law are still fresh from their victory over the much fancied Kowloon Cricket Club last week. If Police keep up the form shown in the past week they should repeat their success. A draw is more likely from the outcome of the game.

Crangonower Cricket Club will be guests to Navy at King's Park, CCC should collect maximum points at the expense of the sailors.

SECOND DIVISION

The giant-killing KGV, after defeating two top teams in the Junior Division will take on IRC "A" at Sookunpoo. The question is will they make it three in a row?

That will have to depend on the Indians. The schoolboys have a difficult task to complete their "hat-trick". But a close game should be seen and I believe the Indians have a slight edge over KGV.

Kowloon Cricket Club will be at home to IRC "B" and a good game is expected. The Indians have shown great improvement in their last few matches and can provide an upset if the Kowloonites are not careful.

so soon as, with them, Wahoes 'A' would have been certain to regain the Senior Championship this year. We sincerely wish them the very best of luck and Bon Voyage.

WEEK-END SCHEDULE

The complete programme for the week-end is as follows:
Today
2.00 p.m.: (A) CAA Jr. vs. Seventeeners; (B) Comets vs. Pandas Jr.
3.30 p.m.: (A) South China Ladies vs. CAA Ladies; (B) Blackhawks 'B' vs. P.I. Dodgers.

Tomorrow
10.00 a.m.: (A) Coleeas 'B' vs. Wahoes 'B'; (B) SCAA Jr. vs. Lynxes.
11.30 a.m.: (A) CAA vs. Warriors.
2.00 p.m.: (A) U.S. Navy vs. Pandas.
3.30 p.m.: (A) Pandas 'B' vs. Americans; (B) Wahoes 'A' vs. Pandas Ladies.

INTER-SCHOOL

The Inter-School Softball League sponsored by the Hongkong School Sports Association will commence on February 2, 1956 at 3 p.m. at the Hongkong Softball Association's ground at King's Park, Kowloon as declared by the Convenor, Brother Edward.

This year, there are only four school teams competing, namely La Salle College, King's College, St. George's V School and St. Martin's College, the last being the Champion team last year.

St. Joseph's College, who had two teams last year, and Queen's College have not entered.

Pul Ching Middle School applied for admittance to the League but due to the fact that they are not members of the H.K. School Sports Association the application was refused.

The complete schedule of the Inter-School League is as follows:

February 2
3 p.m.: La Salle vs. King's.
4.30 p.m.: King George V vs. St. Martin's.

February 3
3 p.m.: St. Martin's vs. La Salle.
4.30 p.m.: King's vs. King George V.

February 16
3 p.m.: King's vs. St. Martin's.
4.30 p.m.: King George V vs. La Salle.

March 2
3 p.m.: La Salle vs. St. Martin's.
4.30 p.m.: King George V vs. King's.

March 8
3 p.m.: St. Martin's vs. King's.
4.30 p.m.: La Salle vs. King George V.

March 15
3 p.m.: King's vs. La Salle.
4.30 p.m.: St. Martin's vs. King George V.

You Can't Keep Wilf Mannion Out Of The News

One way or another, you just cannot keep Soccer's "Golden Boy" out of the news.

A former schoolboy international, he was hailed as the greatest young player since Cliff Bastin; reported missing while serving France with the Green Howards in 1940; returned to Soccer to scheme England victories.

Mannion is a man of decided views.

In 1948 he staged a one-man protest strike against the "Soccer slave system." It led to a debate in the House of Commons. He left football and tried his hand in the arts of salesmanship.

He has found time to break his jaw playing for England, turn down an attractive offer from Borussia Dortmund, get himself dropped from the Middlesex team and sent home from Cardiff for a breach of discipline. Yes, Wilf Mannion is quite a boy!

He is in the news again because of a newspaper article. Mannion did some pretty straight talking about British Soccer.

"I would be a wealthy man today," he wrote, "if I had listened to even two or three of the black market propositions put to me during my 18 years as a professional player."

One offer alone could have put him in a clever, he revealed. The club concerned were prepared to pay what would have been a record transfer fee—some £25,000, to say nothing of £2,000 in ready cash for Mannion the moment he signed.

In addition he would have had a cool £25 a week as a salesman of something or other.

Both the League Management and the FA Registration Committee have met. The result of the meeting yet to be known.

To think this highly controversial footballer originally wanted to be a soldier, a tradesman, just another member of an Army of slaves.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 7th Race Meeting 1954/55 to be held on Saturday 12th and Saturday 19th February, 1956, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 1st February, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

POP



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"SNORKEL"

Page 20 SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

LIVING OUT

It was late at night, and cold. Winds that seemed to have been kept on ice drove round every corner, careless of compass points and obeying no sort of meteorological discipline.

In a street in Bloomsbury a police inspector, hurrying from one place to another, suddenly halted, seeing, a little ahead of him, a gaunt, old looking man performing pirouettes round a lonely car that was parked in the empty street.

The inspector took cover from the old man's view. He watched and saw the old man gingerly try the car's door handles, and when he found them all locked shrug and saunter away. The inspector followed.

I KNOW THE OWNERS
 In another street there were more cars. The old man darted at each giving their door-handles a vigorous twist, then, chagrined, moving along to the next.

At last, while the old man was engrossed over a handle that showed some promise, the inspector went up to him. "I'm arresting you," he said, "for loitering with intent to steal from unattended cars."

"Pah," the old man said. "I wasn't trying to take it away, was I?"

"And, as it happens, I know the man whose car this is," the old man said, with tentative triumph.

A VISIT
 "WHERE does he live, the owner?" the inspector inquired.

"Oh, there," said the old man, waving an arm round an area of flats and buildings that would house a small town.

"We'll go and see the owner, shall we?" the inspector invited.

Something like amnesia afflicted the old man then. He could not remember exactly where, in the area or two that his gesture had embraced, the car's owner lived. The inspector arrested him.

Next morning, at Clerkenwell court, the old man, whose name was Sam, pleaded not guilty to the charge of loitering with intent. The inspector told his story to Mr. T. F. Davis, the magistrate, then Sam went into the witness-box.

SOMETIMES—NOTHING
 "WHAT'S your address," the learned clerk asked. Sam gave one.

"Are you living there now?" "No, that was October," Sam said.

"But since then, where have you lived?" "Bin sleeping anywhere," Sam said.

"But what have you been living on?" "There's one or two people gives you bits of bread. Bread and butter some people gives you," Sam said. His nose was patrician, his grey hair balding, and his eye baleful.

"Sometimes you get bread and butter, you know. Sometimes you get nothing."

"But where did you mean to sleep last night?" the magistrate asked.

OUT OF THE COLD
 "I WAS just walking around. Same the night before," Sam said.

"Is there anything else you want to say?" "Only I knew the chap that had that car," Sam said. "Can't remember his name, or where he lived 'zactly."

The case was found proved. "Anything known?" the magistrate asked.

Sam had been convicted for receiving stolen goods, for taking and driving away a car without its owner's consent, for obtaining credit by fraud, and other things.

"Three months," said the magistrate. Sam nodded and went. It was draughty in the courtroom, colder on street corners. It would be warmer, much warmer inside.

RUSSIA UPSETS GERMANY

Latest Overtures Causing Dissatisfaction ADENAUER PLANNING NEW TACTICS

Bonn, Jan. 28. Russia's latest overtures to Germany have caused increasing uneasiness and even outright dissatisfaction with Dr Konrad Adenauer's foreign policy, according to observers here.

Responsible members of the Chancellor's own Christian Democratic Party are now taking up the line that "the Government must do something positive for German unity," a view which had already spread from the Opposition to the smaller parties in this Government coalition.

No Christian Democrats of standing have yet lent their names to public criticism of Government policy but influential younger members are mobilising support for active diplomatic moves to seek details of Russia's conditions for reunification.

Though none of the coalition leaders is suggesting a delay in the ratification of the Paris treaties for German reunification—due to be completed at the end of next month—there is a strong move for "parallel diplomatic moves."

MUST FIND OUT
 Among Christian Democrats, this arises mainly from a desire to convince the voters that the Government really is giving priority to reunification. Though few leaders believe the Russians will offer acceptable terms, they feel they must find out.

Party members of this view are particularly critical of the recent Government statement bluntly rejecting the last Soviet offer and repeating the conviction that Russia will agree to negotiations after the Paris treaties are ratified.

Dr Thomas Dehler, leader of the Free Democrats, second biggest party in Dr Adenauer's coalition, has called openly for direct German-Soviet diplomatic contacts, though under the occupation law Germany cannot open relations with Russia unless she receives allied permission.

The German Party, smallest coalition partner, has suggested loosening the structure of the Western Alliance to give the new West European Union more independence of Washington and form a European bloc, true to democratic principles but open to East European countries.

NEW IDEAS
 The coalition parties are being forced to look for new ideas by the Social Democratic opposition's urgent campaign against the Paris treaties.

This campaign, which reaches its climax tomorrow with the issue of a manifesto by the party, the trade unions and leaders of the Protestant Church.

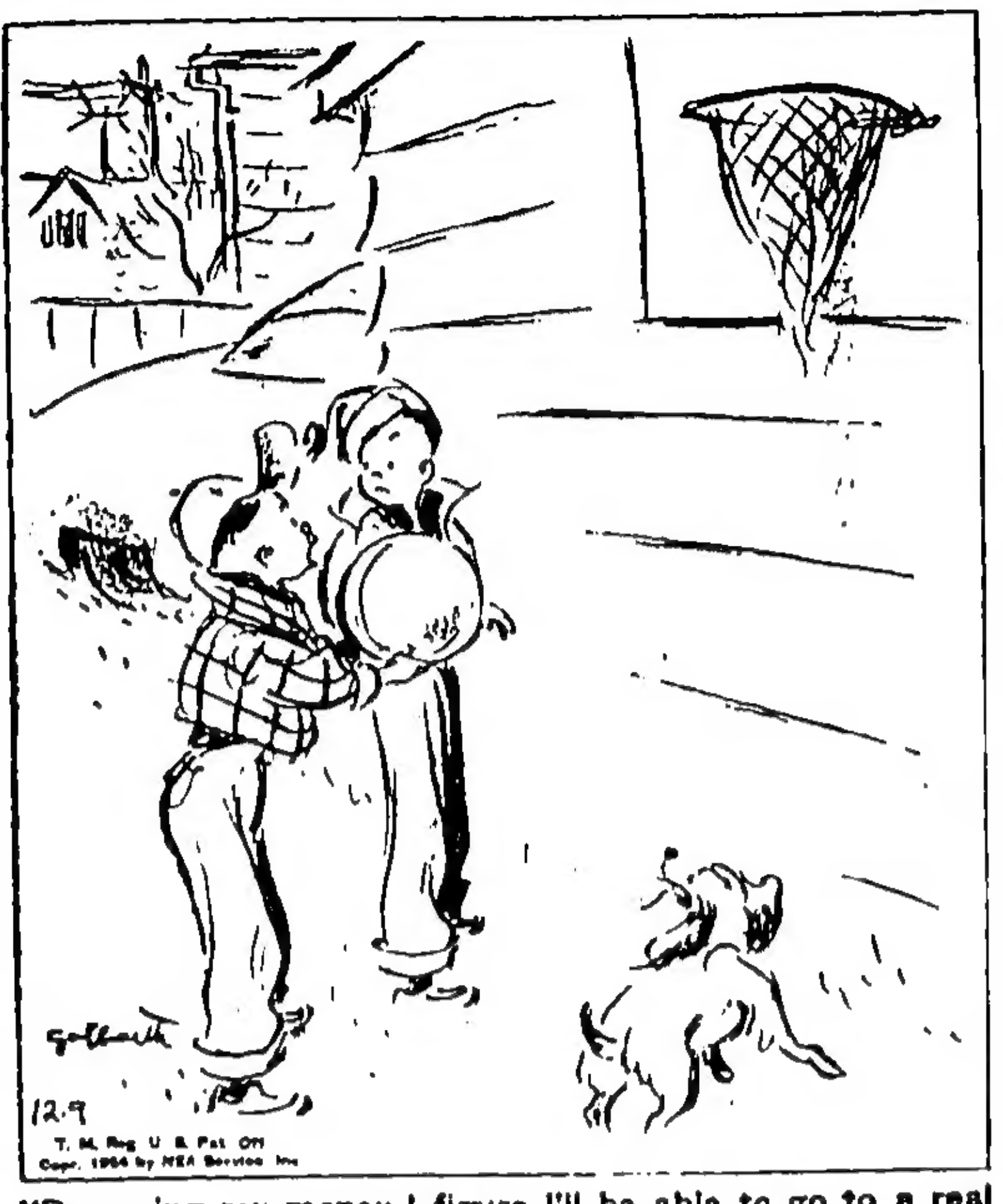
Two Alleged Spies Get Death Sentence

Paris, Jan. 28. Two alleged spies for the American and Chinese Nationalist intelligence services have been sentenced to death by the Chinese Communist People's Court at Amoy, Tass news agency reported today in a broadcast picked up here.

The condemned men were identified as Wang Ya-ji and Tseng I-nai.

The radio said that two other "spies" had been sentenced to life imprisonment, six to varying sentences of "hard labour and four had been acquitted."

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"By saving my money I figure I'll be able to go to a real famous college, like Harvard, or Princeton, or Rio Grande!"

EISENHOWER'S MOVES

Should Have Had Greater Welcome, Says The Economist

London, Jan. 28. The Economist, British independent weekly, today criticised the British public for not giving a greater welcome to President Eisenhower's recent moves, which opened up "whole new perspectives of settlement in the Far East."

It said it was sadly characteristic of the present state of British public opinion that when the Americans took just the sort of step towards moderation that their allies had so often asked, the only audible response was "a crabbed and jaundiced bickering on the left" while those who approved and rejoiced kept their mouths shut.

"Even if Sir Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, had only very faint praise," the journal said.

SETTLEMENT POSSIBLE
 It added: "One would hardly realise from these judiciously chosen quotations alone that Mr Eisenhower is in fact leading American policy to the point where a comprehensive settlement in the Far East should be possible."

The Chinese Nationalists' dream of reconquering the mainland had been ended and the mood in Washington had shown a marked trend towards "co-existence" with Peking, the Economist said.

Those people in Britain who were whipping up the atmosphere of "crisis" and particularly those like Mr C. R. Attlee, the Labour Opposition leader, who imply it is all the United States' fault, "were simply playing the Communist's game by States' continued to support the Kuomintang."

If Mao Tse-tung attacked Formosa, there would certainly be fighting and the United States would certainly be drawn in with or without Mr Eisenhower's declaration this week.

"That being so, to egg the Communists on as Mr Attlee has been doing, is to work for war," the Economist contended.

"The way to peace is to make it clear that Mr Eisenhower's moderate and defensive position has the full backing of America's allies."

The Socialist Statesman and Nation took a different line in reviewing the Formosa situation. It said dangerous crises were inevitable so long as the United States continued to support the Kuomintang.

WOULD RETURN
 Peking might conceivably and temporarily accept the neutralisation of Formosa—with Chiang's troops disbanded and political control by a United Nations in which Peking was represented—if there was a clear recognition, that the island would eventually return to China.

"Nowhere outside the United States is the doctrine acceptable"

MAU MAU

'JUDGE' GIVES UP

Nairobi, Jan. 28. The authorities here announced the surrender of Alphons Nganga, a self-styled "Chief Justice" of the Mau Mau, who admits passing the death sentence on about 100 terrorists for offences against the sect.

Nganga, who passed under the name "Chief Justice Karim" in the Masai tribal area, gave himself up to Masai tribesmen with Kimani, son of Njau, who described himself as a "prosecuting attorney."

Both surrendered under the terms of the Government amnesty offer made 10 days ago. Karim thought that "many terrorists" in the forests where he spent 22 months, wanted to surrender.

He confessed he had ordered the hanging of about 100 Mau Mau for set offences and the flogging of many others for lesser crimes.

SIX OTHERS
 Six other terrorists have surrendered in the past 24 hours, bringing the total to more than 40.

The European Minister without portfolio, Mr Michael Blundell, told a public meeting in Nairobi tonight that if the Government's present surrender offer to Mau Mau terrorists did not succeed, he did not think it would be possible for another—or a better—offer to be made in the future.

Mr Blundell warned that if the Europeans who oppose the surrender terms succeeded by a public outcry in making the offer unsuccessful, they would have to accept responsibility for "the years ahead that would be necessary to bring the hard core terrorists to book."—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:
 ACROSS: 1. ABASE, 2. CUBAN, 3. PATENT, 4. ANTI, 5. TERN, 6. LIVE, 7. RATE, 8. ELATE, 9. NEE, 10. RETAR, 11. CRO.
 DOWN: 1. EPODE, 2. DECKS.

WORD CHAIN: LOVED, roved, roved, rated, HATED.

WORD SQUARE: CARTS, ABOUT, TULLO, STOPS.

ANAGRAMS: Balderdash, Col-umbines; Congratulate; Intercept.

TRIANGLE: CAPABLE, ARENAS, PENNY, ANNA, RAY, LS.

WORD GAMES: 1—Ate, 2—Acres, 3—Automobile, 4—Allice, 5—Avenue, 6—Automobile, 7—Above, 8—Ablaze, 9—afire, or aflame, 10—Age, 11—Anthracite, 12—Alkie, 13—Albuquerque, 14—Aries, 15—Apple, 16—Antelope, 17—Aisle, 18—Apologize, 19—Apache, 20—Armistice, 21—Arise, 22—Aye, 23—Aristotle, 24—Amuse.



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NOTICE

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CHURCH NOTICES

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 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
 7.00 p.m. Evening Service.
 (Other services arranged at any time by request.)



R.M.S. "CHUSAN"

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS

SAILS: Wednesday, the 2nd February, at 11.00 a.m. for the UNITED KINGDOM via Straits, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said and Marseilles.

BAGGAGE: Passengers are requested to send ALL BAGGAGE to the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf Co's Godown at No. 2 GATE, CANTON ROAD ENTRANCE, by Noon on Tuesday, 1st February.

SPECIAL NOTE: With the exception of hand packages carried by passenger themselves, ALL BAGGAGE must pass through the Wharf Co's Godown for loading on board by ship's slings only.

EMBARKATION: Passengers should embark between 8.30 and 10.00 a.m. on Wednesday, 2nd February, 1955.

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